Jarvis Hougham 1715

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# Muſick's Delight ON THE CITHREN,

Reſtored and Refined to a more Eaſie and Pleaſant Manner of Playing than formerly; And ſet forth with Leſſons *Alla Breve*, being the Choiceſt of our late new *Ayres*, *Corants*, *Sarabands*, *Tunes*, and *Jiggs*.

*To which is added ſeveral New Songs and Ayres to Sing to the Cithren.*

By *John Playford* Philo-Muſicæ.

*London*, Printed by *W. G.* and are ſold by *J. Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*. 1666.

# The Preface.

IT is observed that of late years all Solemn and Grave Musick is much laid aside, being esteemed too heavy and dull for the light Heels and Brains of this Nimble and wanton Age; Nor is any Musick rendred acceptable, or esteemed by many, but what is presented by Forreigners; Not a City Dame though a Tap-wife, but is ambitious to have her Daughters Taught by Mounsieur La Novo Kicksha wibus on the Gittar, which Instrument is but a new (old one) used in London in the time of Q. Mary, as appears by a Book Printed in English of Instructions and Lessons for the same, about the beginning of Qu. Elizabeths Reign, being not much different from the Cithren, only that was strung with Gut-strings, this with Wyre, which was accounted the more sprightly and Cheerful Musick, and was in more esteem

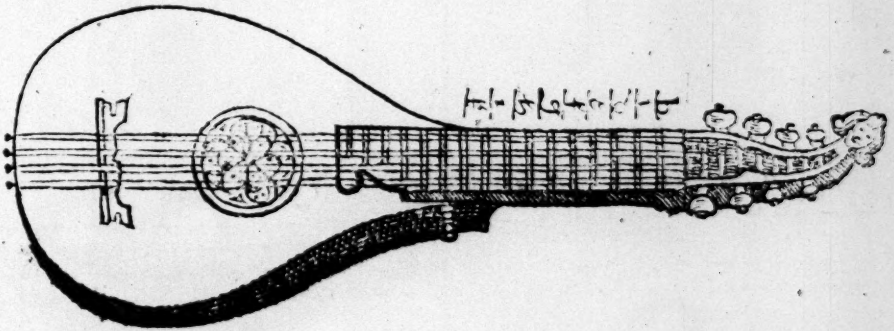
till

(till of late years) then the Gittar: Therefore to revive and restore this Harmonious Instrument, I have adventured to publish this little Book of Instructions and Lessons, making it my design and study to be useful for the practice of young Beginners, by a more plain and easie method then has been heretofore published, Omitting all those difficult full Stops which former Lessons were stuft with, whereby the Tune intended was quite lost, the Ear and Patience of the Practitioner Confounded; (yet to its old Tuning;) The Tunes herein are most of them New, and set after the manner of the Gittar way of Playing, which I hope will render it the more acceptable among our young Gallants, for whose delight is also added some short Ayres and Songs to sing to the Cithren, as a Taste of what may be done on the same; All which if it prove useful to any, I have the end of my Expectation, and remain a Well-wisher to all Lovers and Practitioners of Musick.

John Playford.

# *Brief Instructions to the Playing on the Cithren.*

THE *Cithren* is strung with eight Wyre Strings, which are divided into four Course, two in a Course, Each Course hath his distinction and name according to the *four* several Parts of *Musick*: the first Course or smallest strings are called *Trebles*, the second *Means*, the third (which are usual of twisted Wyre) *Basses*, the fourth *Tenors*: the four double Courses do allude to the four single Rules or Lines on which all Lessons are written.

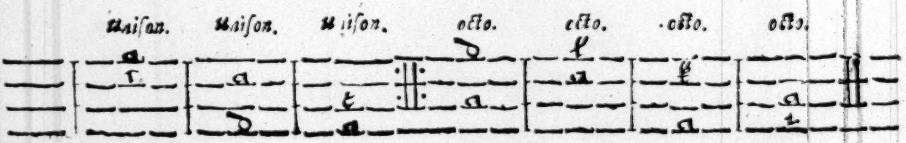


## *Inſtructions for the Playing on the Cithren.*

By this Example alſo is demonſtrated the ſeveral *Frets* or *Stops* made on the Neck of the *Cithren*, and the Alphabetical Letters as they are aſſigned to each Fret or Stop, the Letter *a* omitted, that being ſet where the String is ſtruck open and not ſtop'd, theſe ſeveral Letters in your Leſſons you will find variouſly placed on the ſeveral Lines on which places and Strings you are to ſtrike; the firſt *Preludium* or *Leſſon* of this Book will lead your fingers to the Aſcending and Deſcending of uſual Notes on the *Cithren*, and your next being the *Changes on the Bells*, your Ear will guide your Hand, which by a little practice will perfect you therein.

Secondly, That being underſtood I proceed to the Tuning of the *Cithren*, which cannot be eaſier underſtood then by the *Uniſon*, which is to make two or more Strings to agree in one Sound, the one ſtop'd, the other open.

### *Example for Tuning the* Cithren.



# *Inſtructions for the Playing on the Cithren.*

Begin firſt with the *Treble* winding up one of them as high as it will bear and not break, then wind up his Fellow, and make them two agree in Sound or Uniſon both alike; that done, turn up one of your *Means* and ſtop it in (5) and Tune it to agree in Uniſon or Sound with your *Trebles*, then Tune his Fellow to him: Next, Tune the *Tenors* in the ſame manner ſtopping them in (3) and make them to agree in one Sound with your *Means*, laſt Tune your *Baſſes* as you did the other, ſtopping them in (4) to agree in Sound with your *Tenors*, by this Rule your *Cithren* will be in perfect Tune, which for the proof thereof, ſtrike the 8ths of each ſtring as is ſet in the former Example.

Thirdly, The next Rule you are to underſtand, The proportion of *Time* or *Meaſure*, which is expreſſed by ſeveral Notes or Characters which are placed over the *Tableture* or ſeveral Letters of your Leſſons, there are 8 ſeveral Notes uſed in *Muſick*, but 5 are only in the Leſſons to the *Cithren* which are theſe,

*The Names of the Notes.*

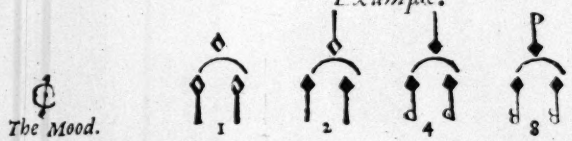
## *Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.*

These five *Notes* are variously placed on the several Stops or Letters for the continuing of *Sounds* long or short, and are divided into two *Measures* or *proportions* the one called the *Semibrief* or *Common-Time*; the other *Tripla*; and are distinguished by two several Moods, one of which is usual put at the beginning of the Lesson.

The *Common-Time* Mood is thus marked ¢ The *Tripla* thus 3

The *Semibreve* or *Common-Time* is, when all Notes double their proportions by two to the *Semibreve*; that is, two *Minims* to the *Semibreve*, two *Crotchets* to the *Minim*, &c.

*Example.*




The *Tripla-Time* is, when the Time is measured by *three Minims* to a *Semibreve* with a *Prick of Addition*. Or, in more quicker Measure, the Time is measured by *three Crotchets*

*chets* to a *Minim* with a *Prick of Addition*, which *Prick* added to the *Semibreve*, or to a *Minim*, make his meaſure half ſo much longer then he was before: the *Semibreve* which was but two *Minims* is then three, and the *Minim* which was but 2 *Crochets* is then three *Crochets*.

*Example.*

The *Mood* in the more ſlow *Tripla Time.*



The *Mood* in the more quicker *Tripla Time.*

*Example of the Meaſure of the Prick Notes.*

# *Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.*

Those who desire a more full and large Accompt of the Notes, their Measures and Proportion, I Refer them to that Book of my *Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, lately printed *pag.* 22. But this observe in the Time or Notes set over your Lessons where you have a Note placed over a Letter, and more Letters follow with no Notes over them, those Letters are to be plaid to that Notes Measure till another of the contrary appear.

## *Some General Rules to be observed in Playing on the Cithren.*

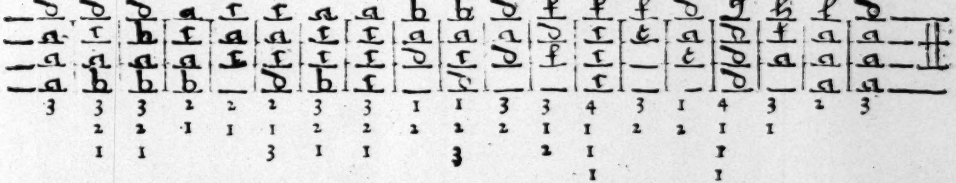
1. For your left hand in the right fingering the Stops, ever where you leave a Fret or Stop there to leave a finger; For Example, If your first Letter be (*d*) stop it with the third finger, then your first and second finger will be ready for (*b* & *c*) if they happen to follow: But when you have many Letters which run down to (*e* or *f*) there shift your first finger again to (*f*) the rest will follow with more ease.

For the true fingering or stopping of the full stops observe the four fingers on the left hand are thus accompted, the finger next the Thumb is the first, in order to the little finger the fourth: In this Example mark, the figures placed under the Letters are assigned to the Letters as they stand in order.

*Example*

# *Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren:*

*Example of ſome uſual full ſtops with the Fingering.*



2. For your right hand, reſt only your little finger on the belly of your *Cithren*, and ſo with your Thumb and firſt finger and ſometimes the ſecond ſtrike your ſtrings, as is uſed on the *Gittar*; that old Faſhion of playing with a quil is not good, and therefore my advice is to lay it aſide; and be ſure you keep your Nails ſhort on the right hand.

3. To ſtrive to ſtop clear; Which to do, be ſure not to ſtop ſhort of the Fret, nor juſt upon it, but with the end of the finger as neer the Fret as you can, and the harder the better.

*Thus leaving theſe few Rules to your Memory and Practice in the following Leſſons, which I hope will merit your kind Acceptance, and be a further Encouragement to do you more Service in this Nature.*

J. P.

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| *The 24 Changes on 6 Bells* | 1 | *The Whisk* | 21 | *Hunſdon Houſe* | 38 |
| *Maying Time* | 3 | *Blew Cap for me* | 22 | *Green Gooſe Fair* | 39 |
| *John come kiſs me now* | 4 | *Lady Banburies Hornpipe* | 23 | *Lady Spellor* | 39 |
| *Over the Mountains* | 5 | *Have at thy Coat old Wom.* | 24 | *Grimſtock* | 40 |
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*Amarillis*

# A Table of the Lessons contained in this Book.


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*Some few Errata's having paſſed by reaſon of my abſence, and the Printer's want of Skill in Muſick, I crave the judicious to mend with a Pen theſe eſpecially;*

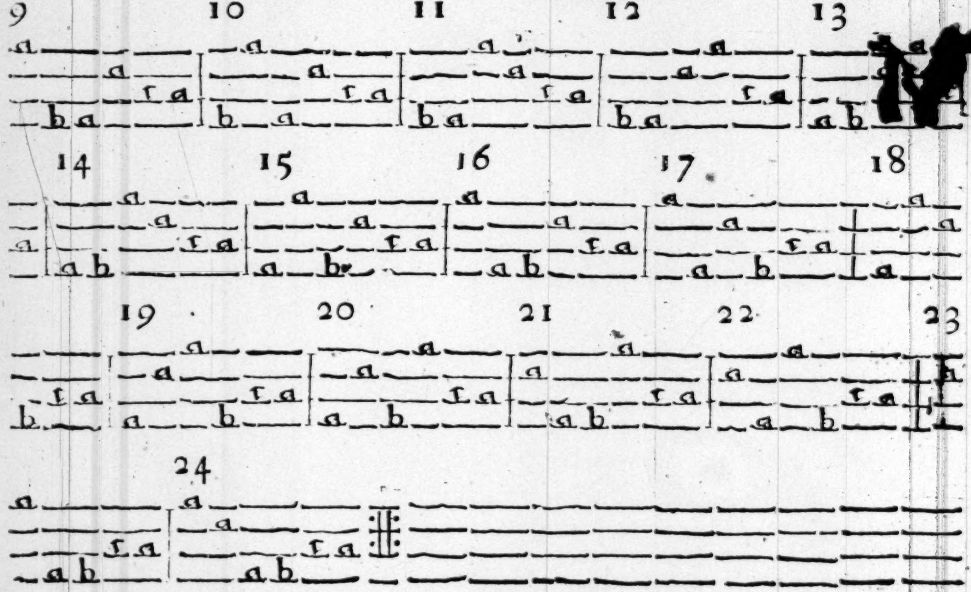
LEſſon 30, the third and fourth Letters a muſt be upon the third Rule; and in the ſecond Strain ninth and tenth Letters a on the third Line alſo. 35 Leſſon, Line the ſecond, the ſixth Letter D muſt be upon the lower or fourth Rule.

1

*Short Prelu dium.*

2

*The foure and twenty Changes on 6 Bells.*


9
10
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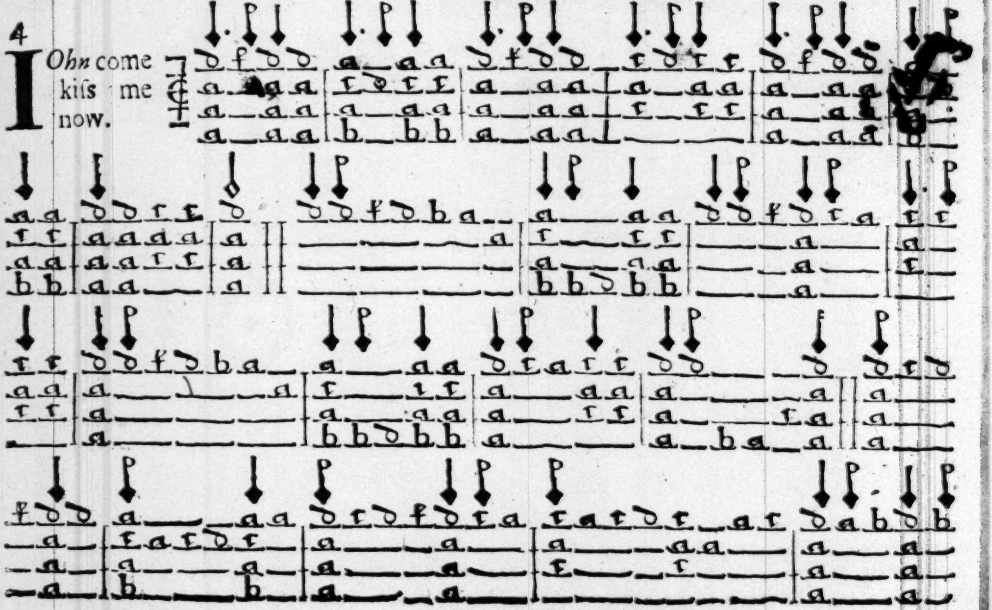
23
24

3 May time. *The Ground with Division.*

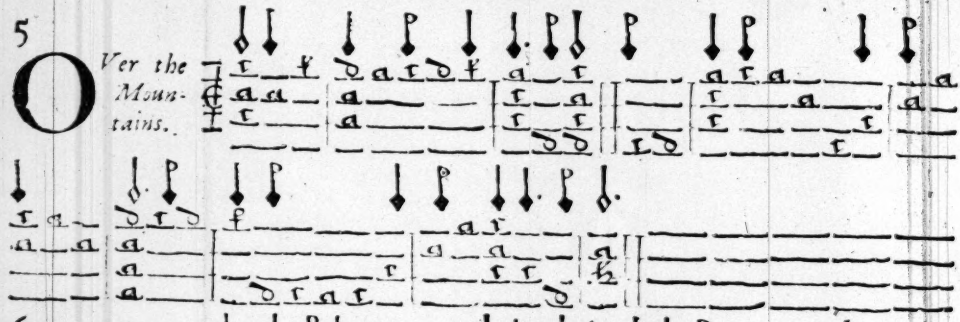
4

I *Ohn* come kiſs me now.



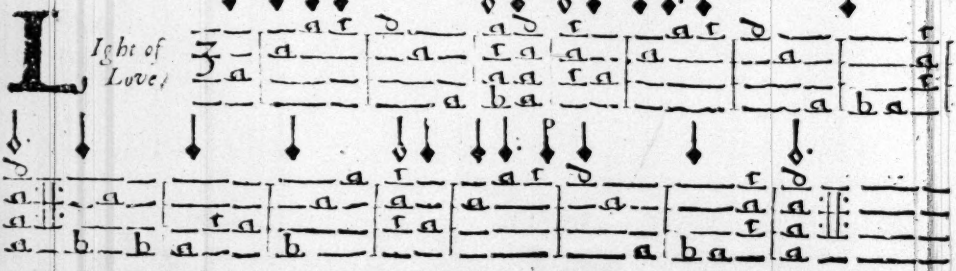
5

*Over the Mountains.*



6

*Light of Love.*



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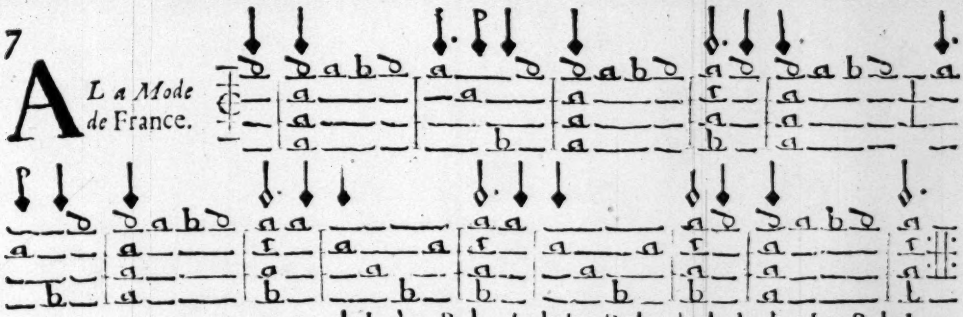
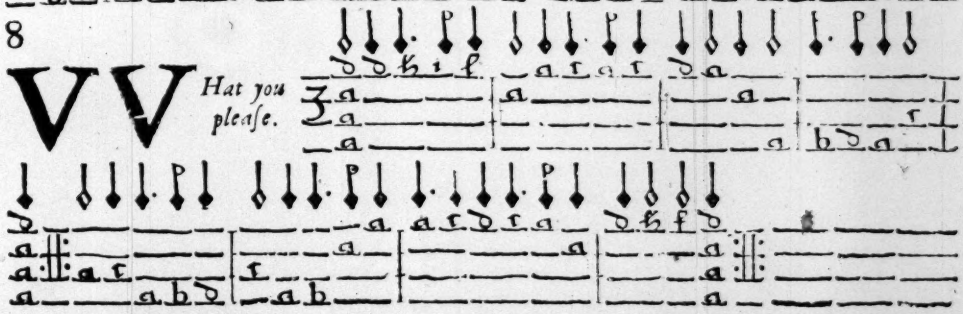
A *La Mode de France.*



8

W *Hat you please.*



9

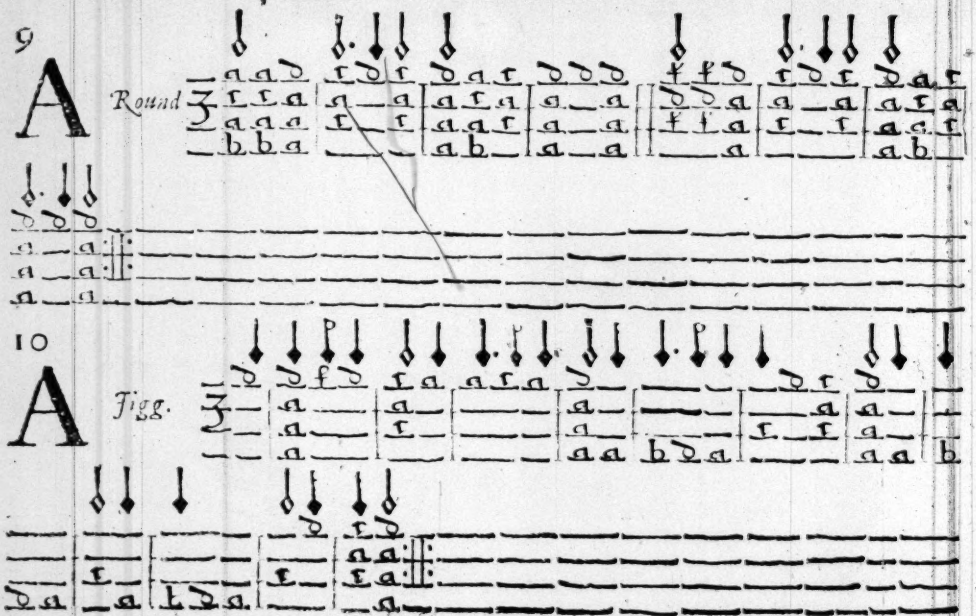
A

*Round*

10

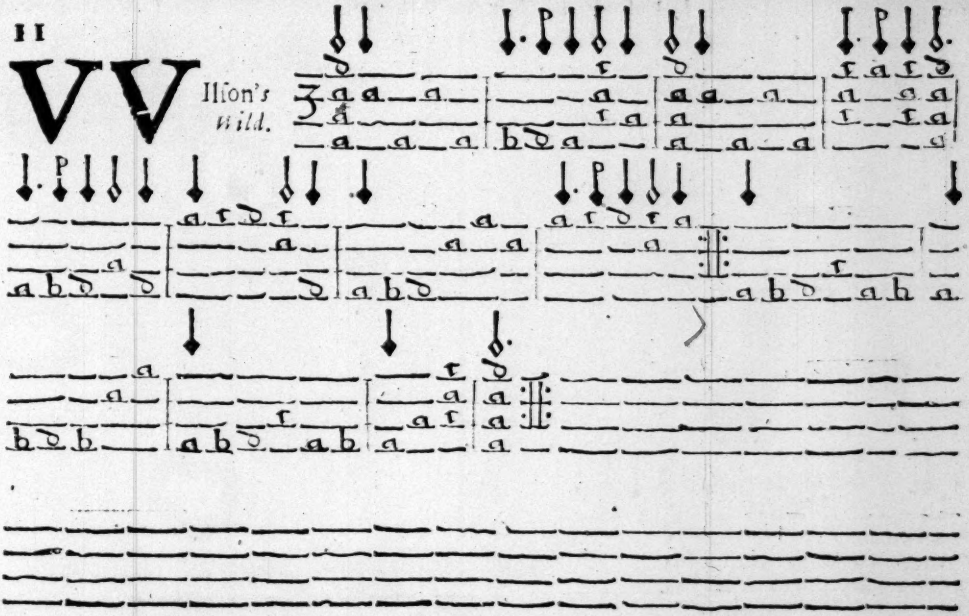
A

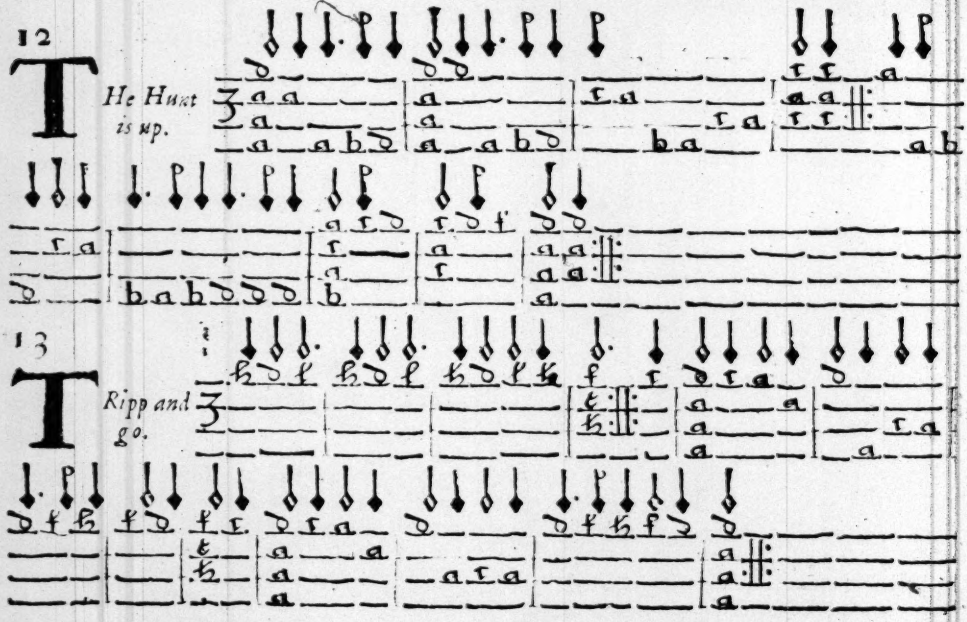
*Figg.*



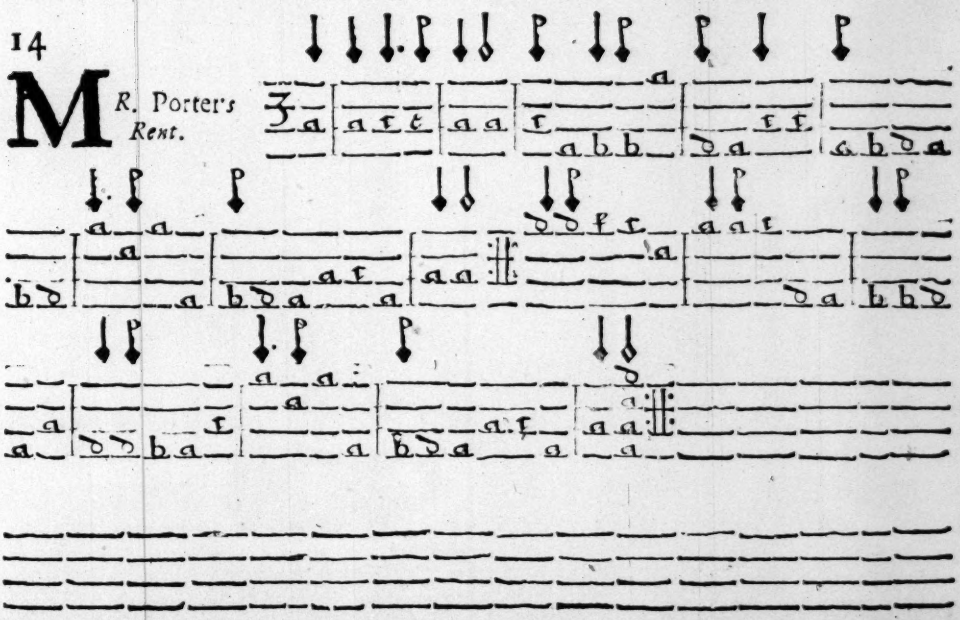
# VV

Ilion's
*Wild.*

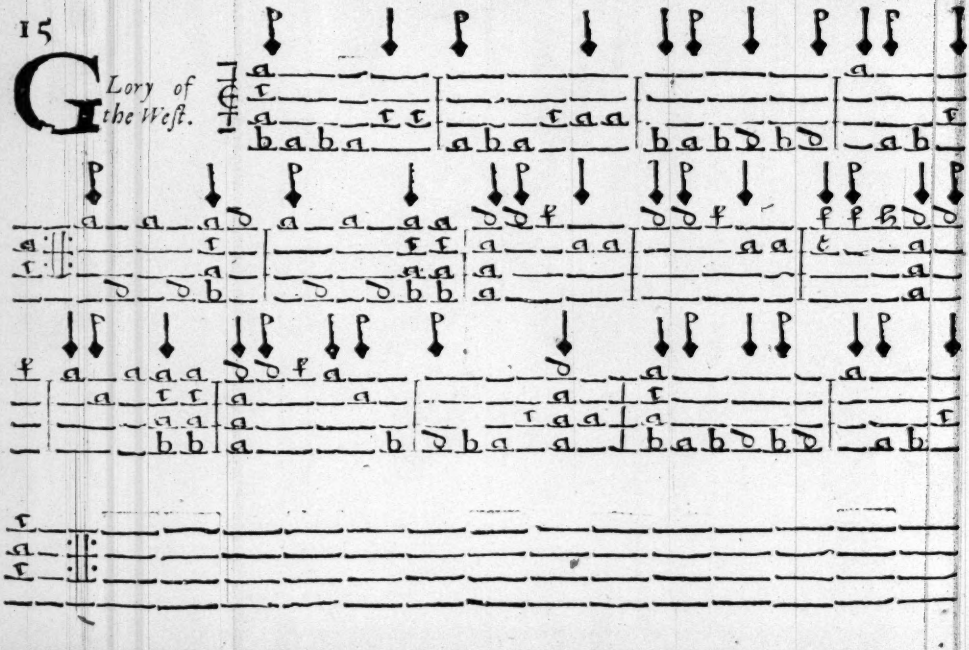



12
The Hunt is up.
13
Ripp and go.

# MR. Porter's Rent.

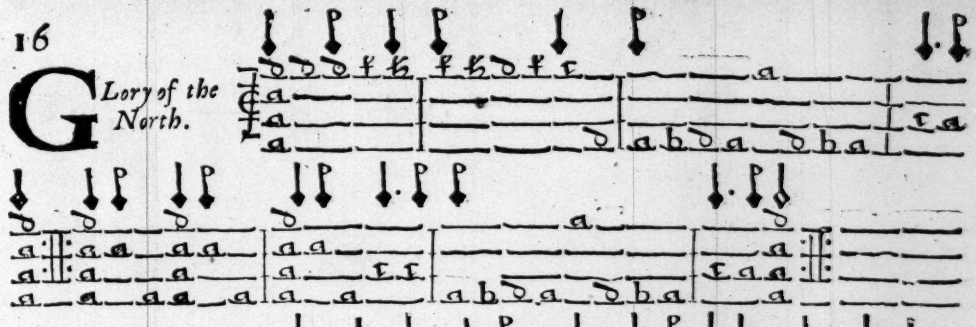


# Glory of the West.



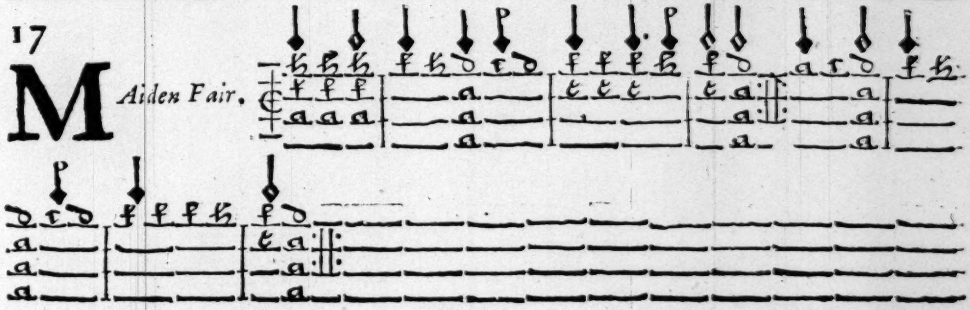
16

## Glory of the North.

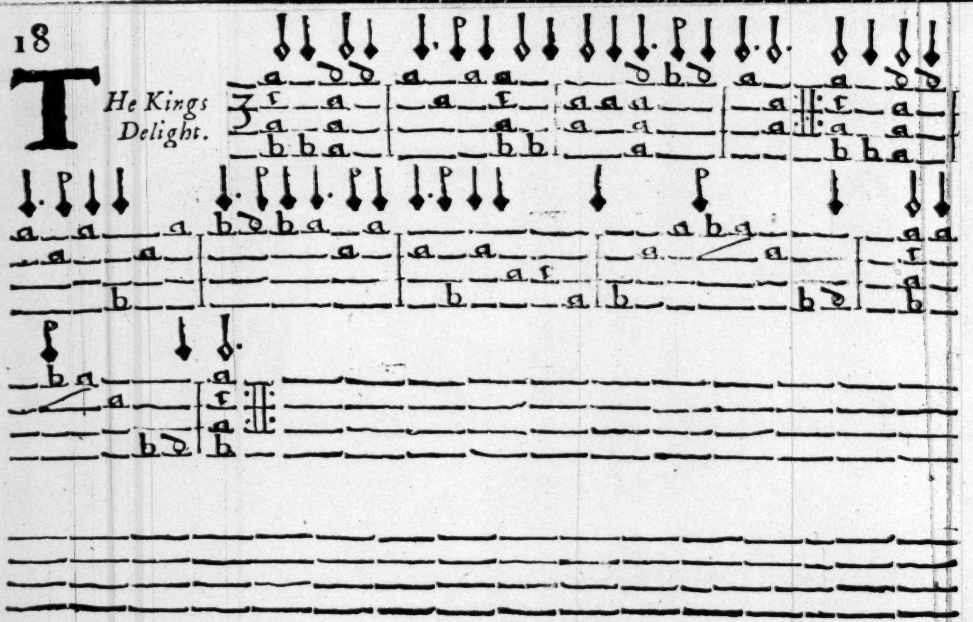


17

## Maiden Fair.

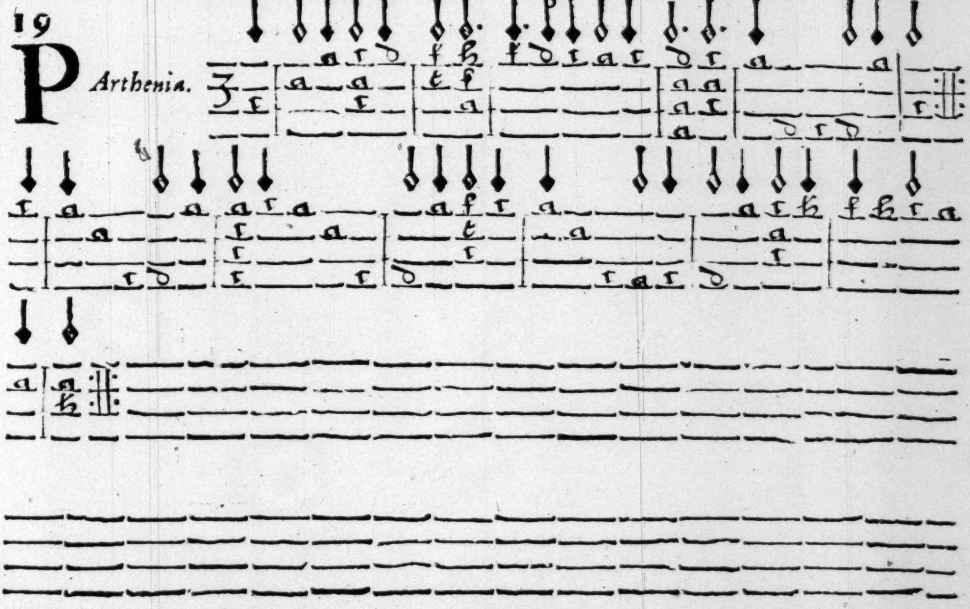


# The Kings Delight.



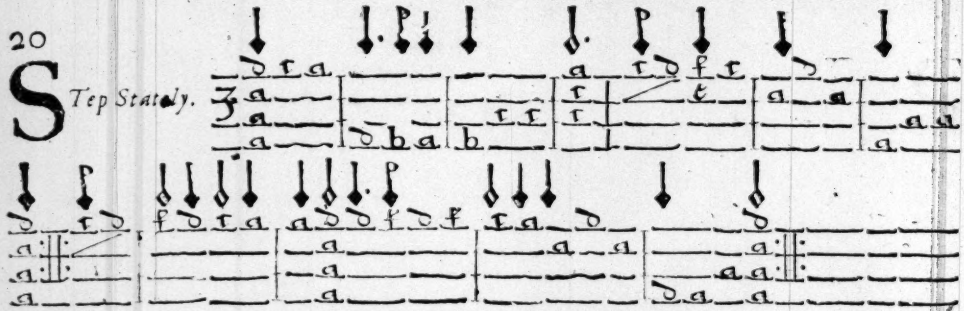
19

# P Arthenia.



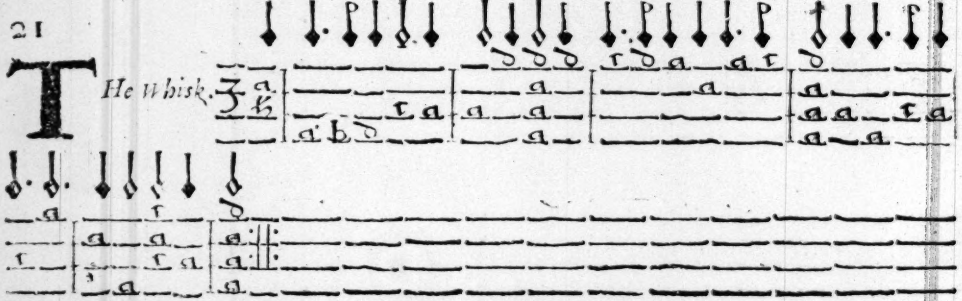
20

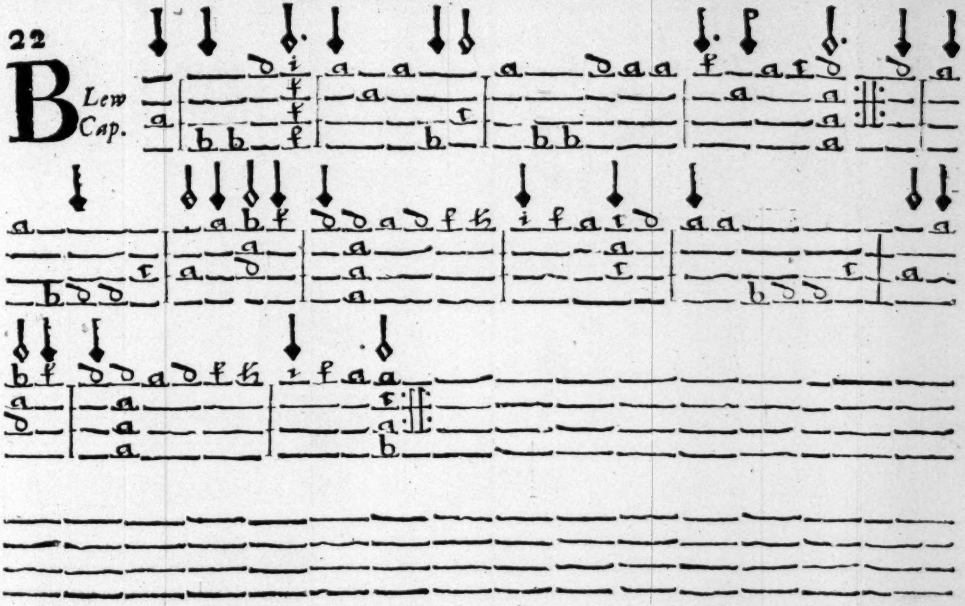
S Tep Stately.



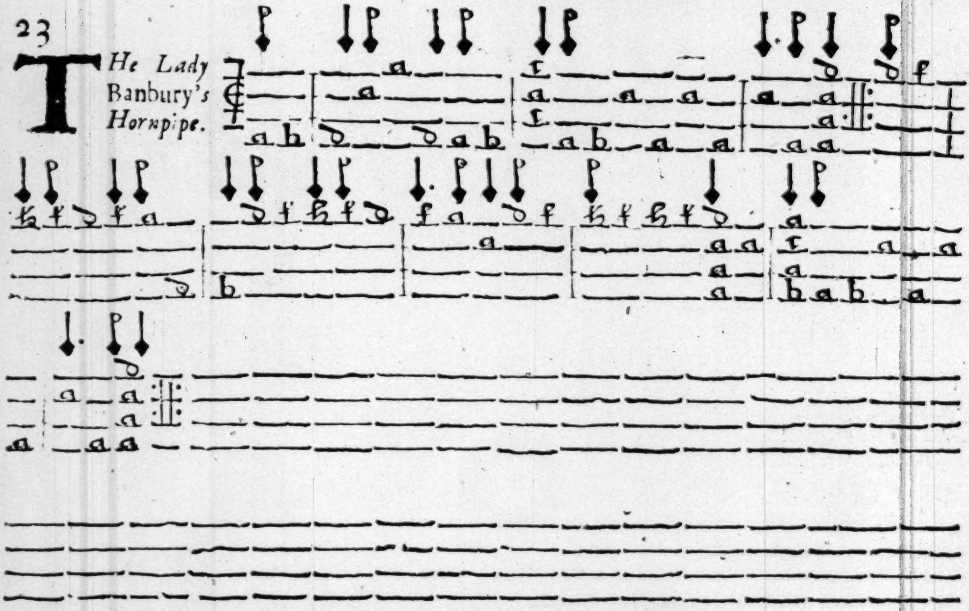
21

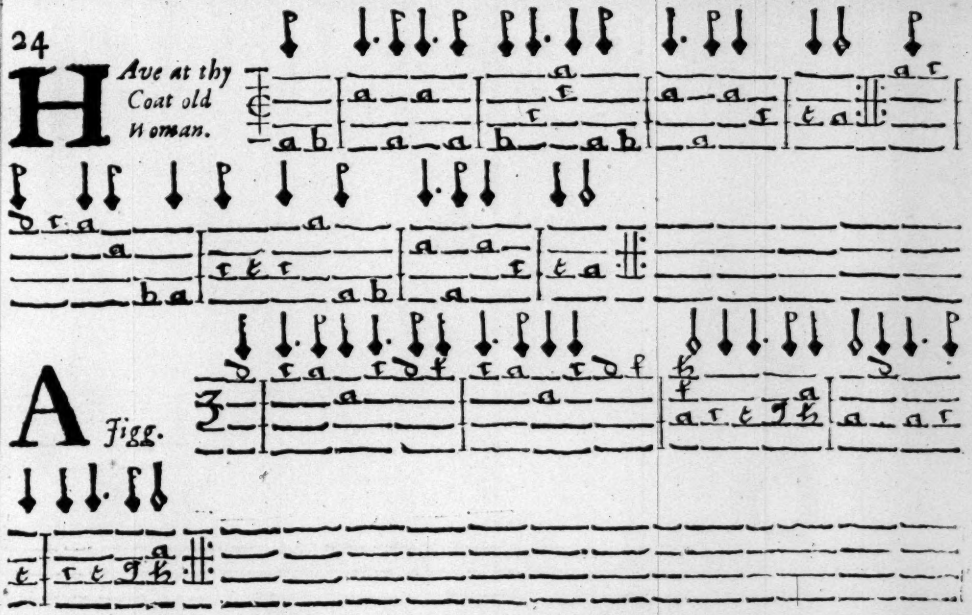
T He Whisk.



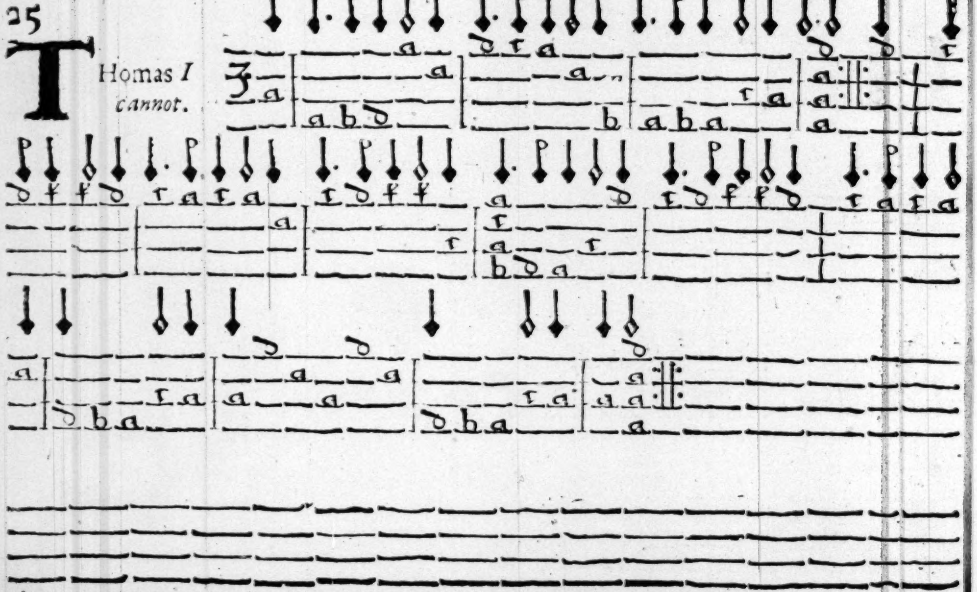

B
Lew
Cap.

# The Lady Banbury's Hornpipe.

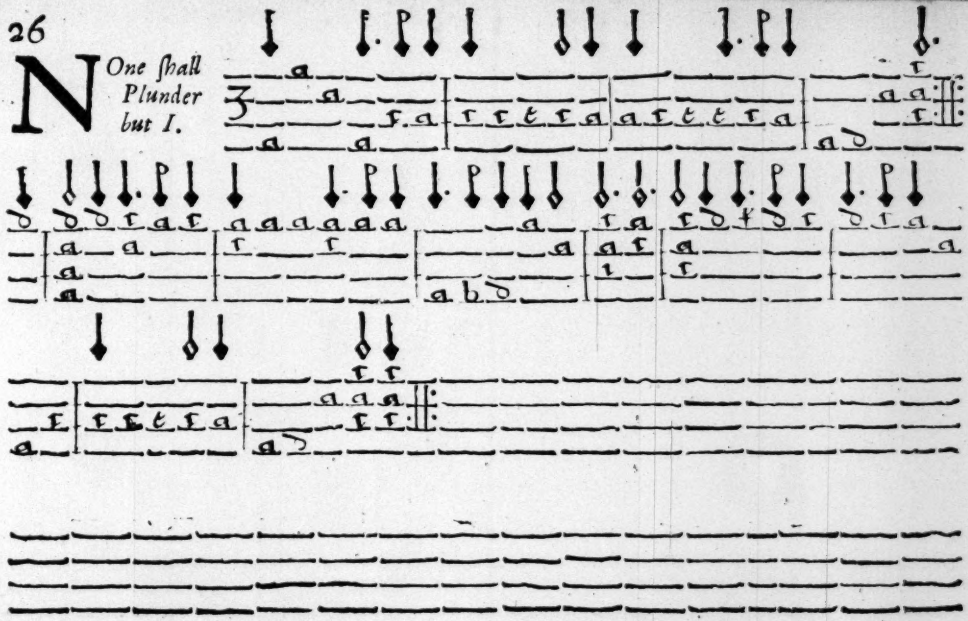



Have at thy Coat old Woman.
A Figg.

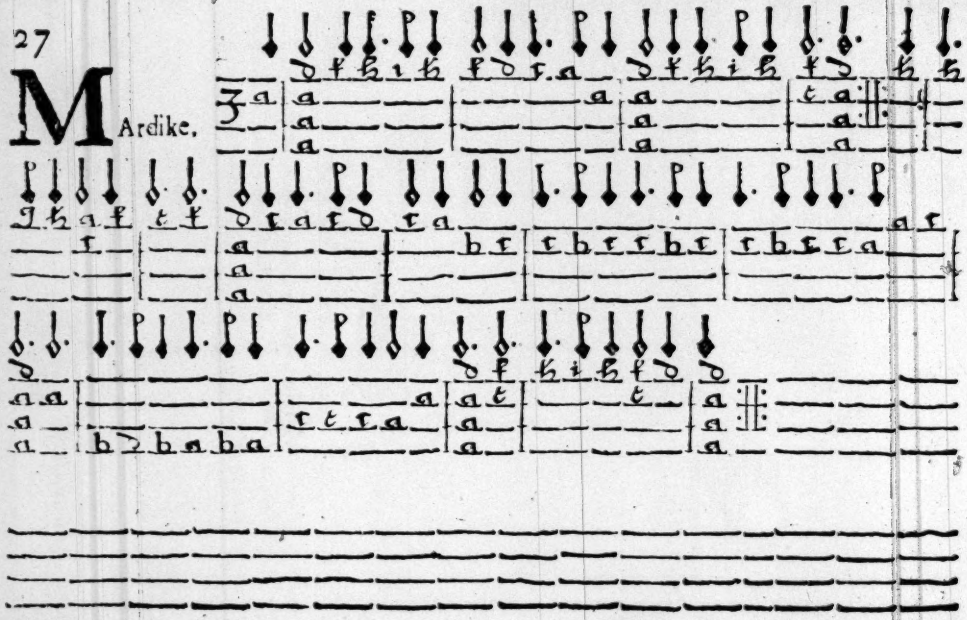
THomas I
cannot.



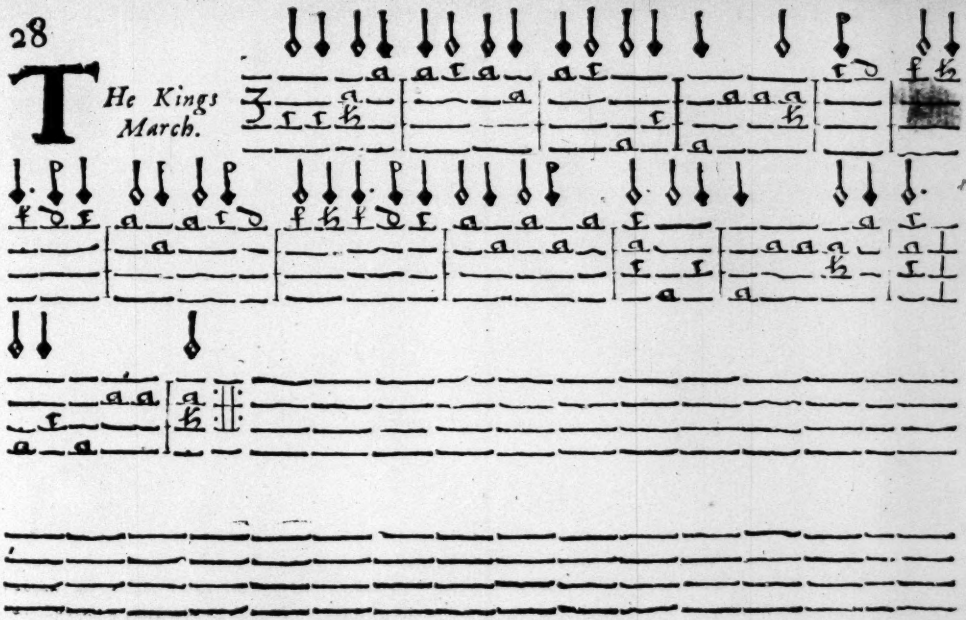
*None ſhall Plunder but I.*



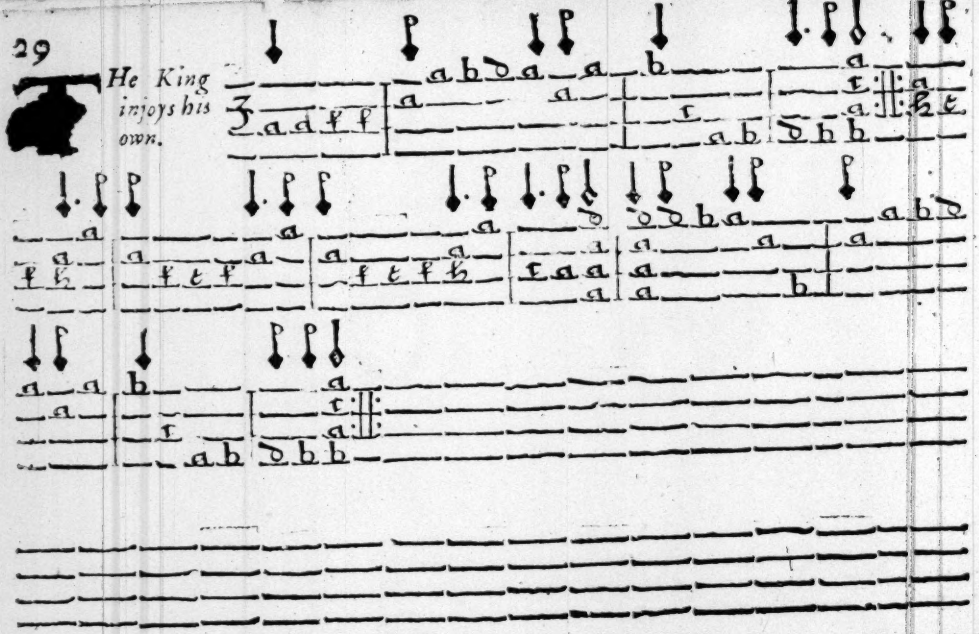
# Mardike.



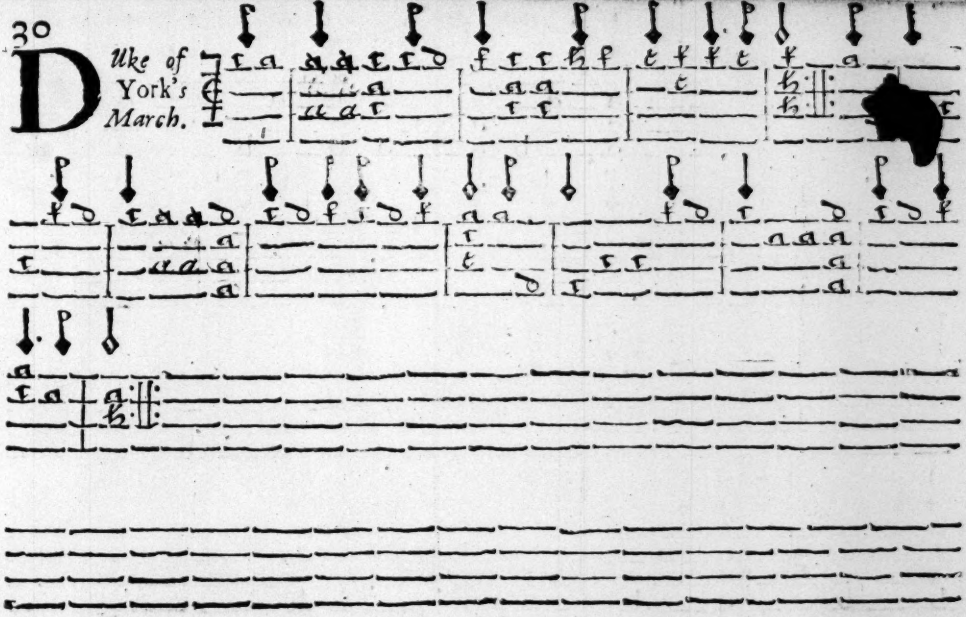
# The Kings March.



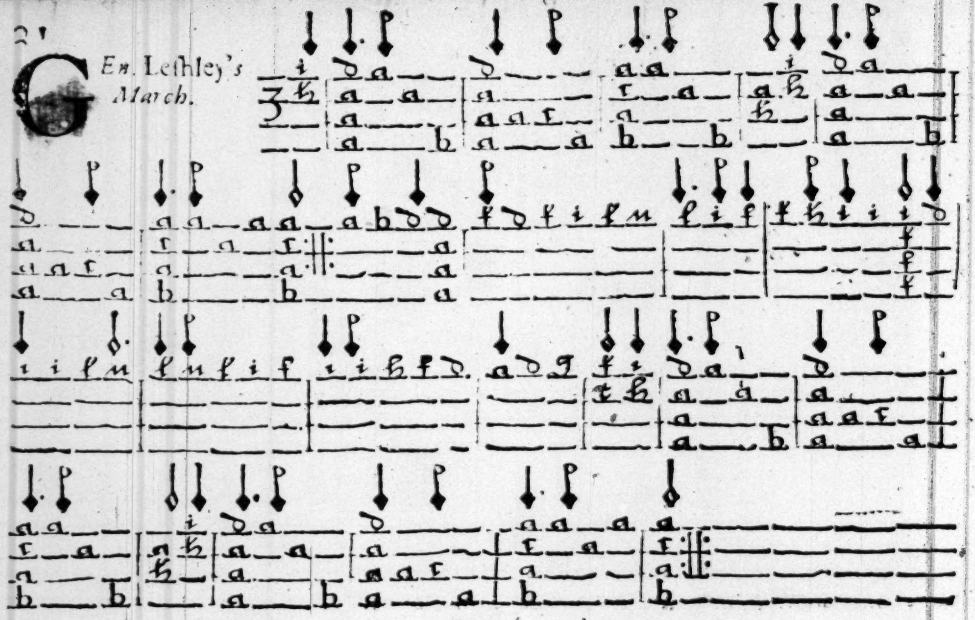
*The King injoys his own.*

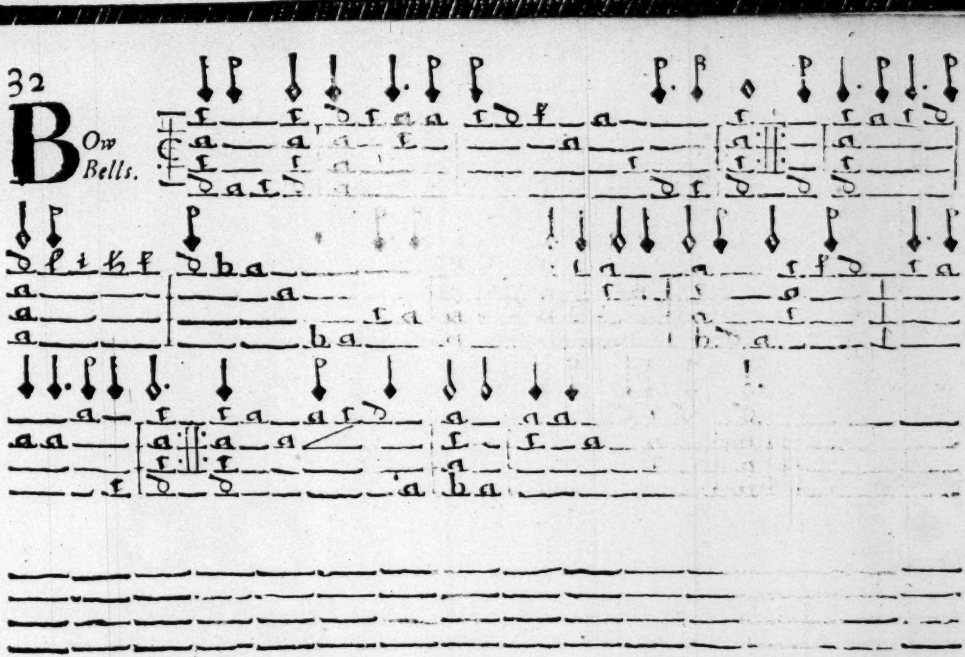


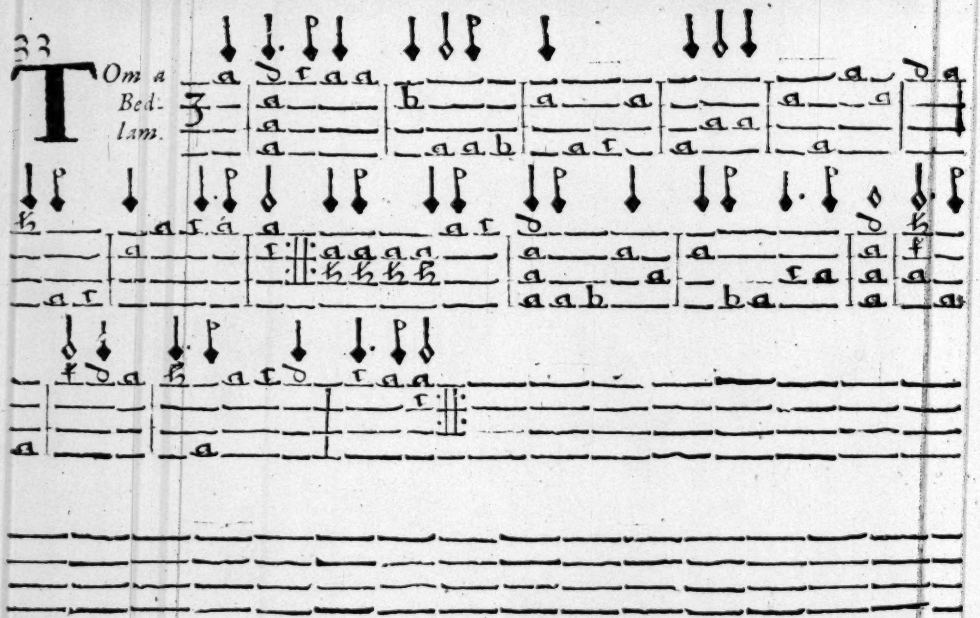
# Duke of York's March.



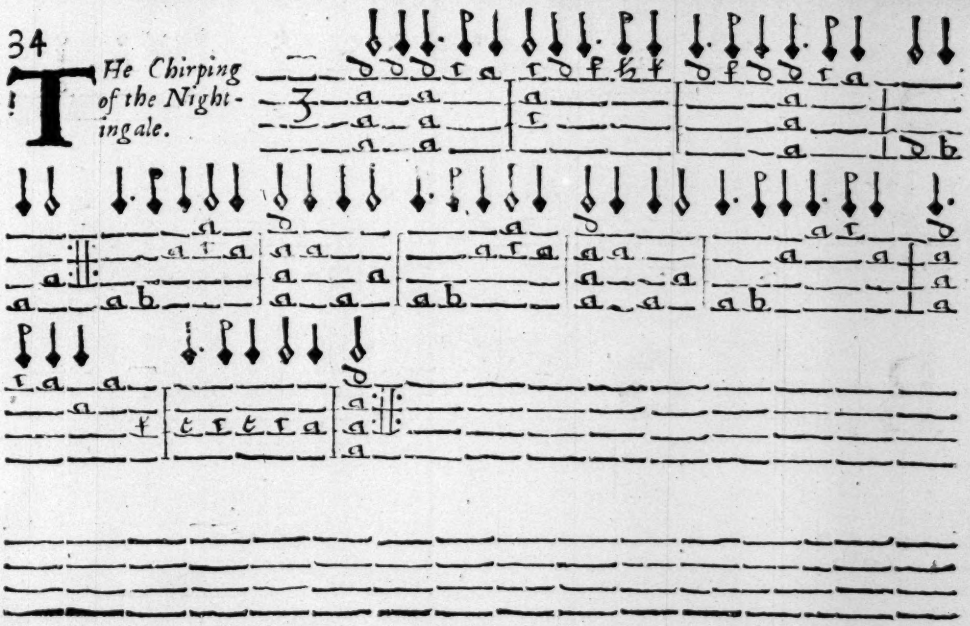
# GEn. Leſhley's March.

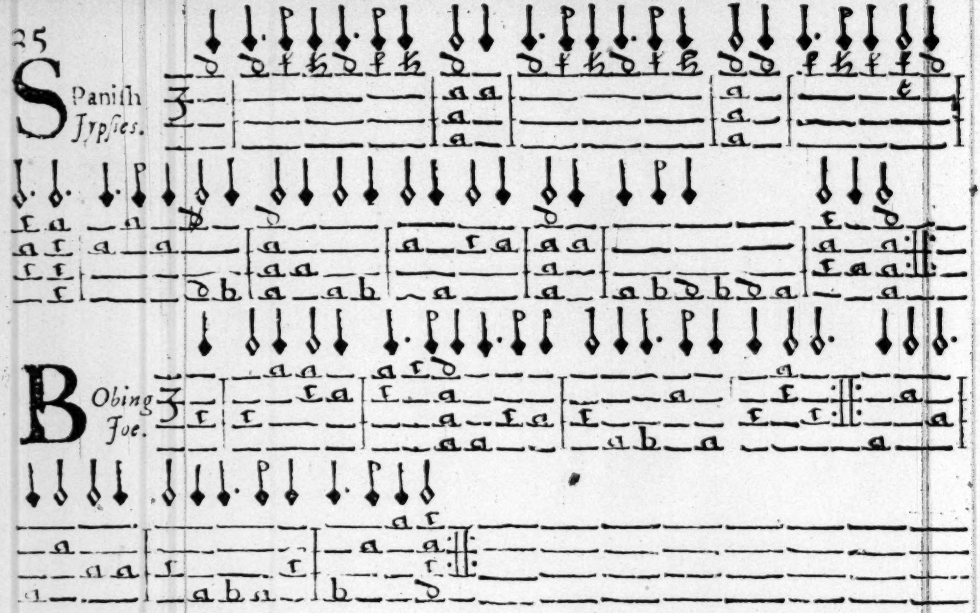



Bow Bells.


33
Om a
Bed-
lam.

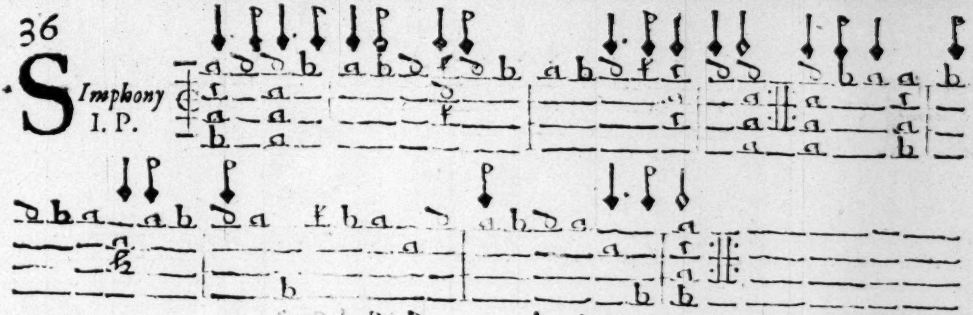
# The Chirping of the Nightingale.




Spanish Gypsies.
Bobing Joe.

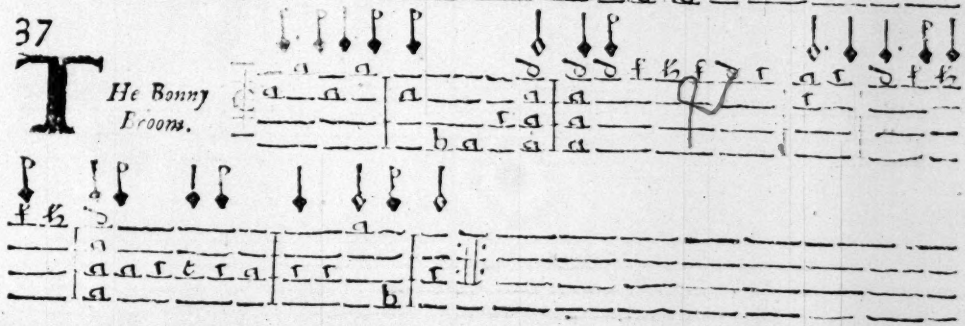
36

S *Imphony* I. P.

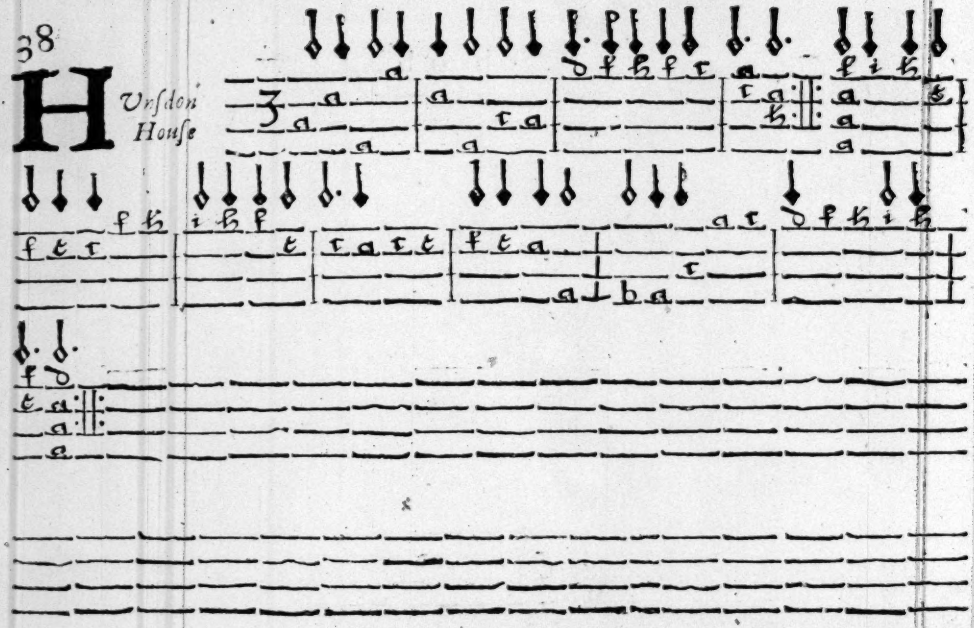


37

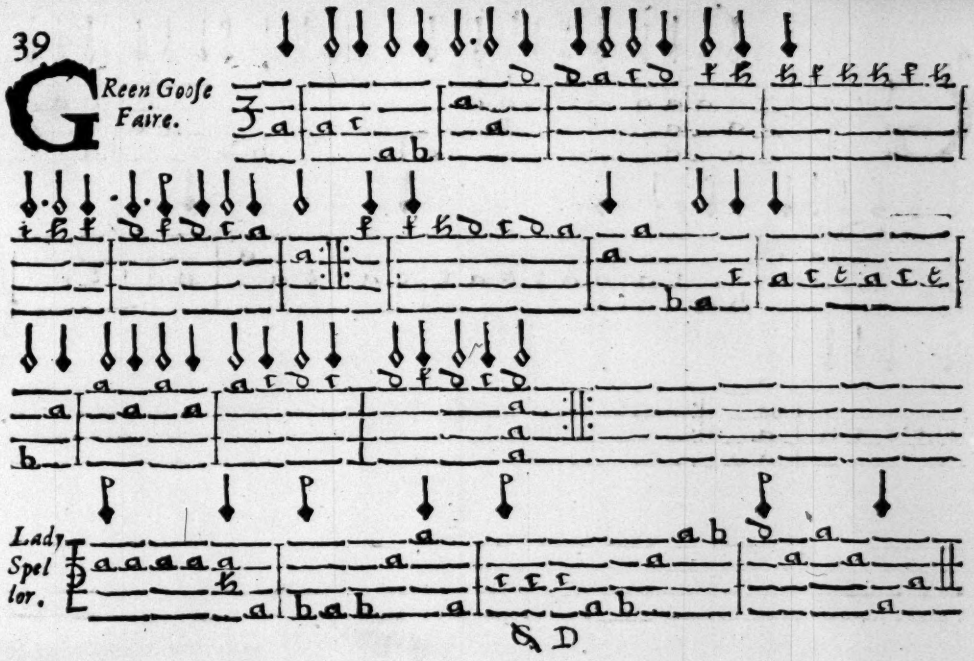
T *He Bonny Broom.*



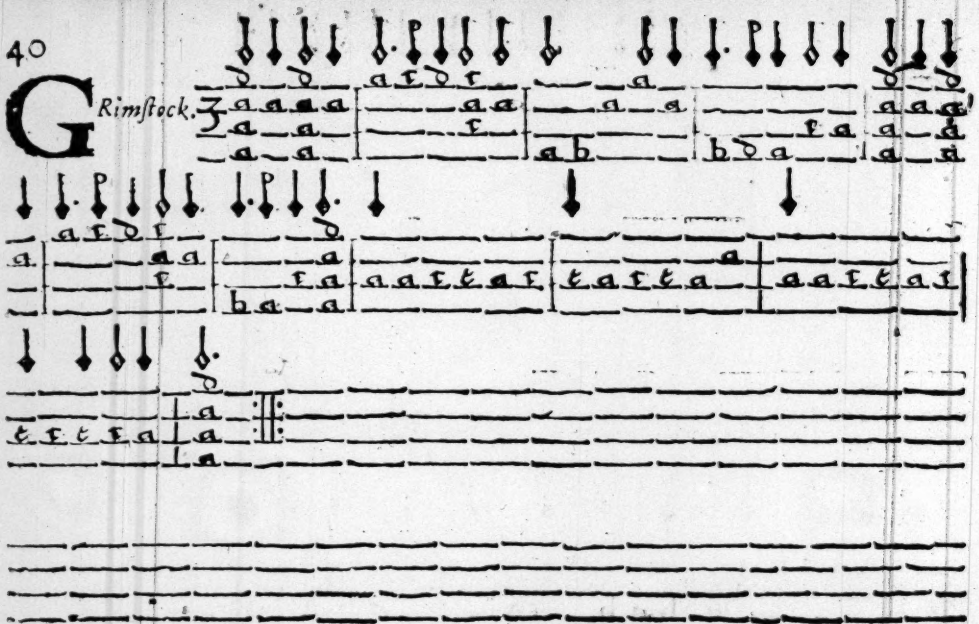
# Hvrſdon House



## GReen Gooſe Faire.

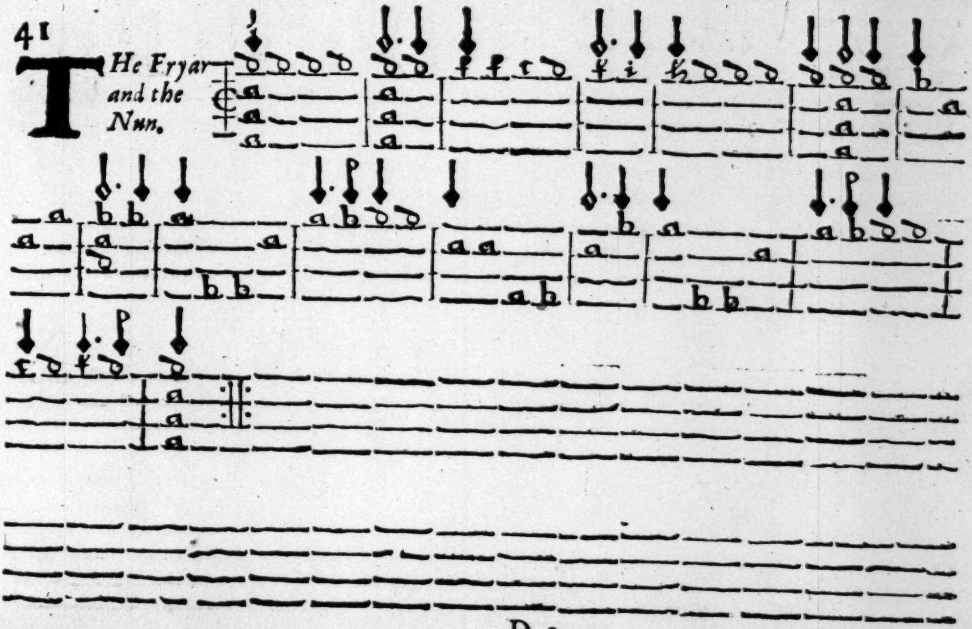


G Rimstock.

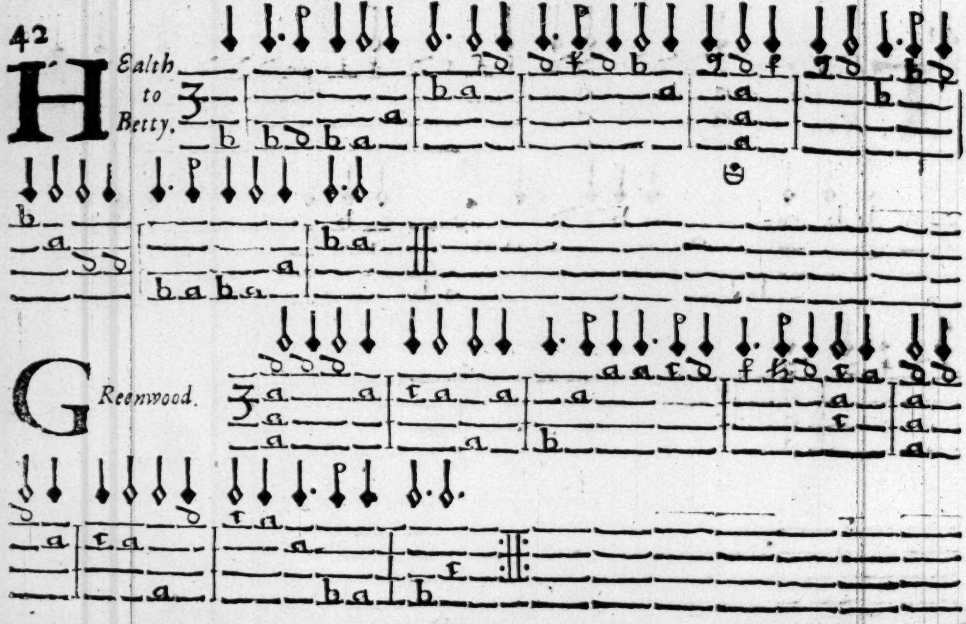


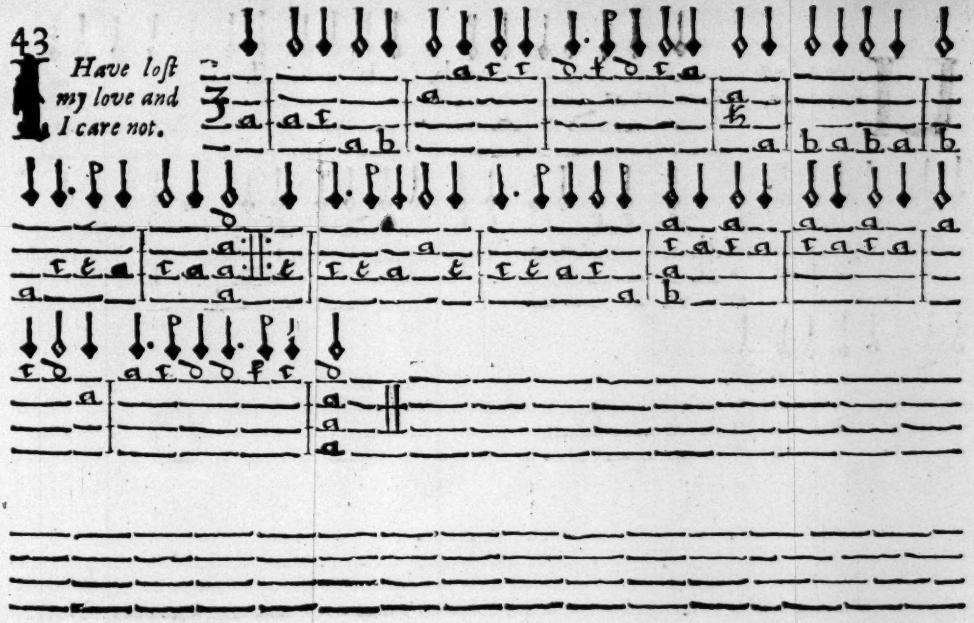
41

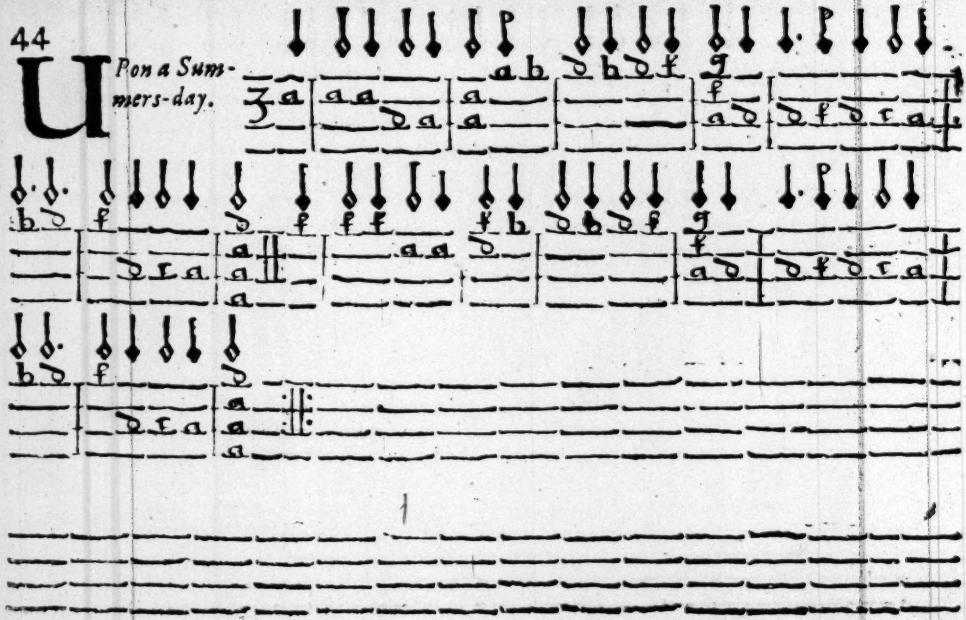
# The Fryar and the Nun.



42



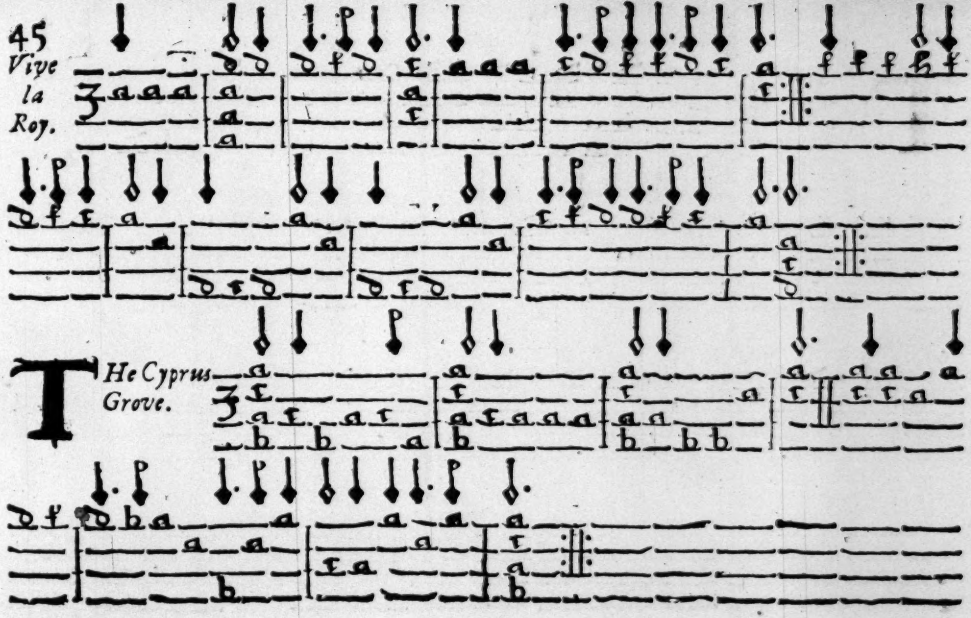

I Have loſt my love and I care not.


Upon a Summers-day.

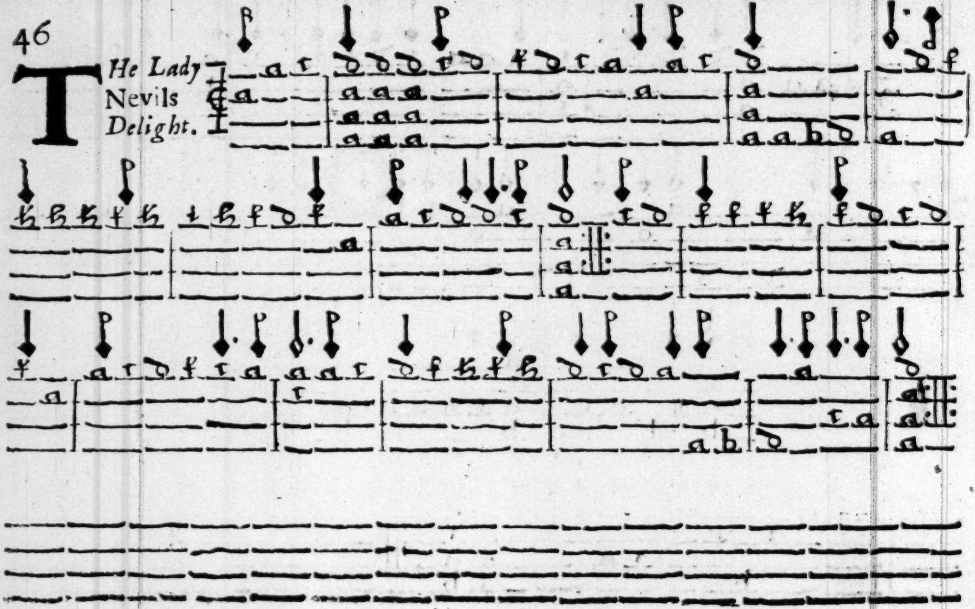
45

*Vive la Roy.*

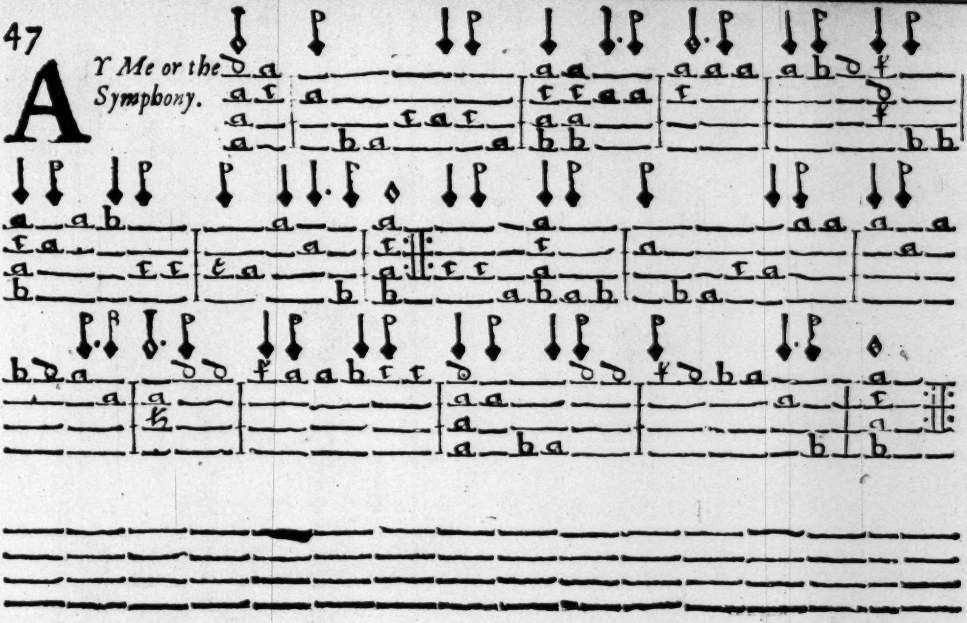
THe Cyprus Grove.

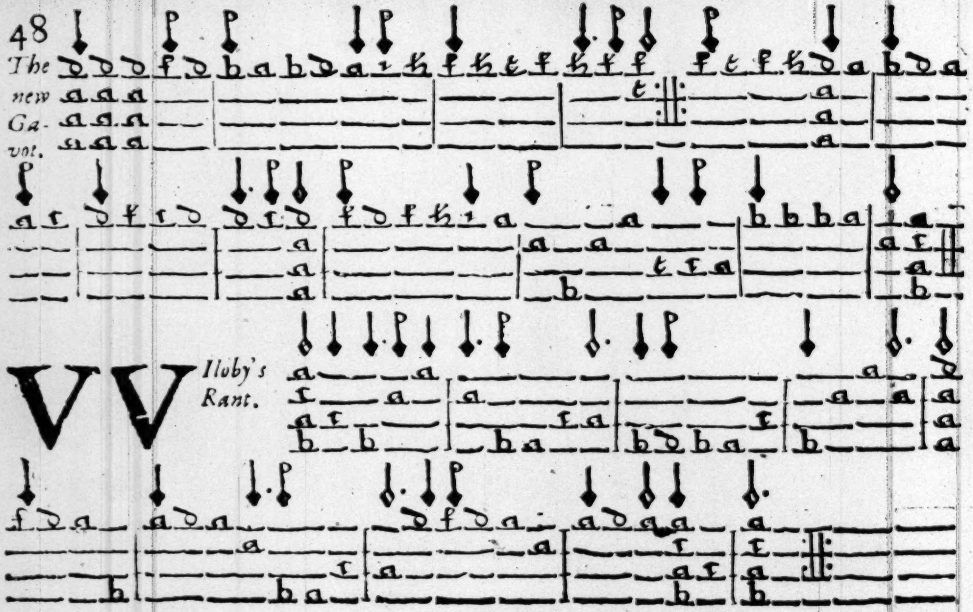


# The Lady Nevils Delight.

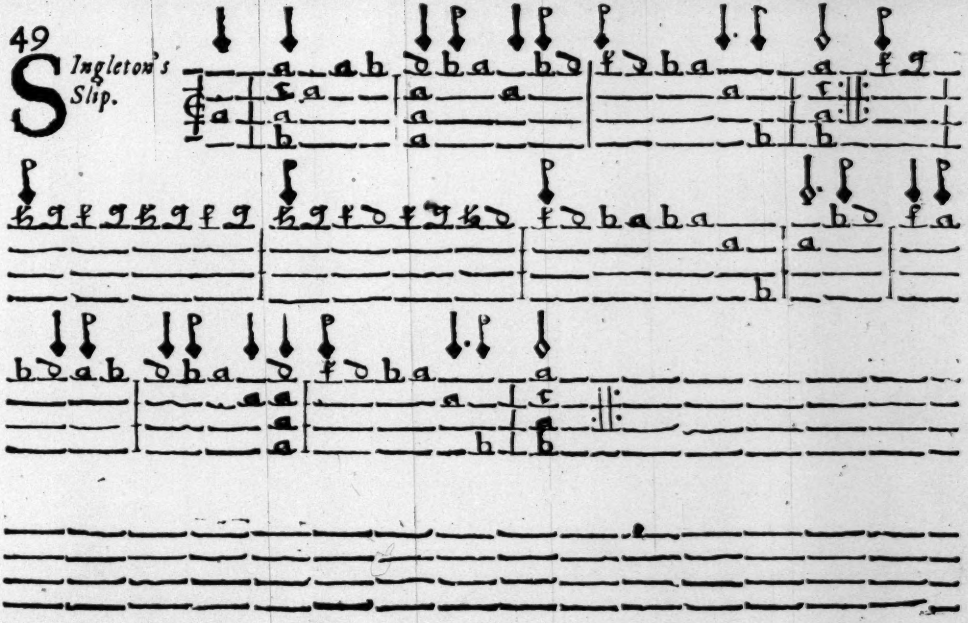


A Y Me or the Symphony.

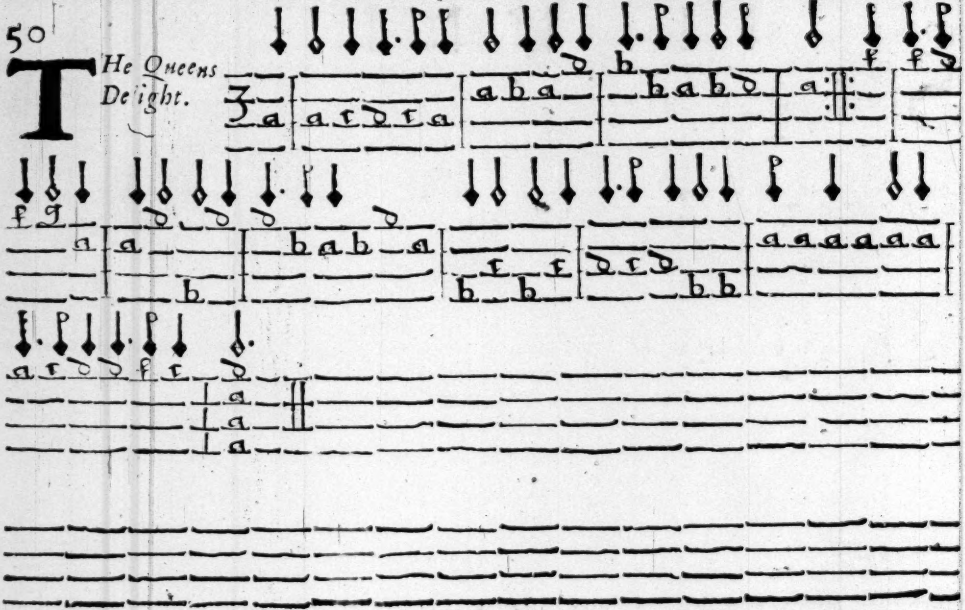



The new Ga- vot.
VV
Iloby's Rant.

## Ingleton's Slip.

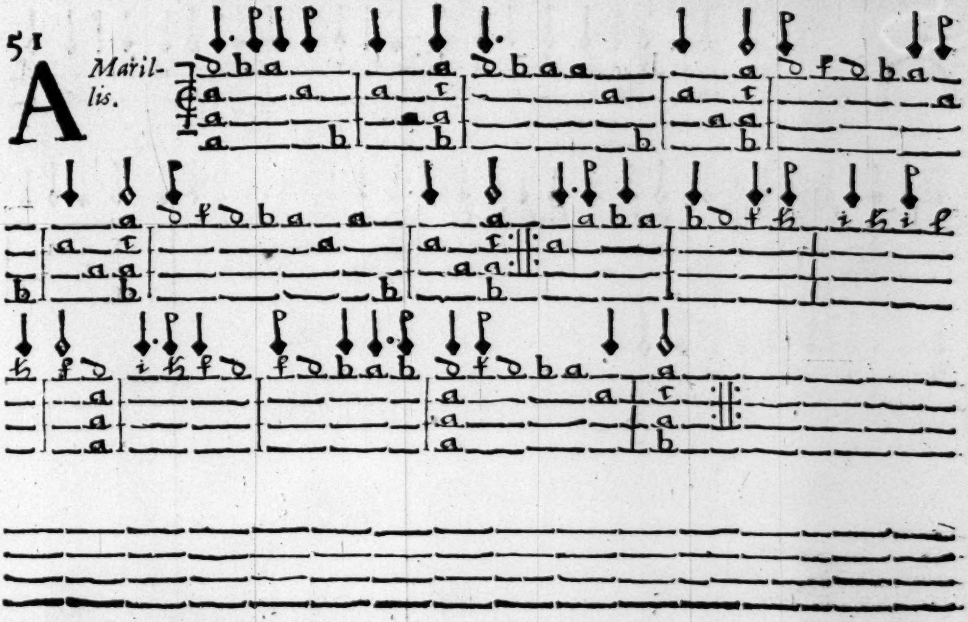


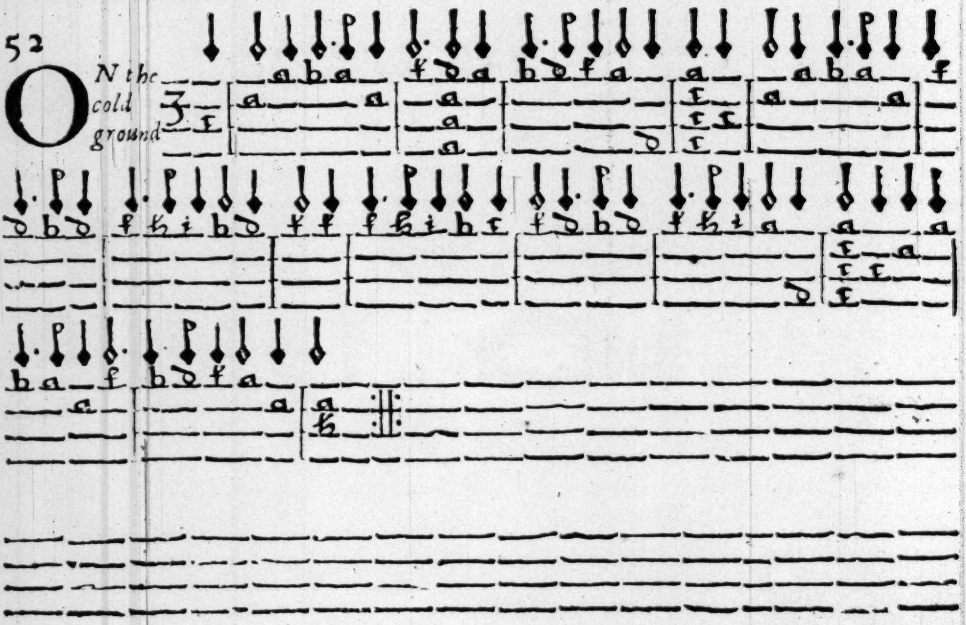
# The Queens Delight.



51

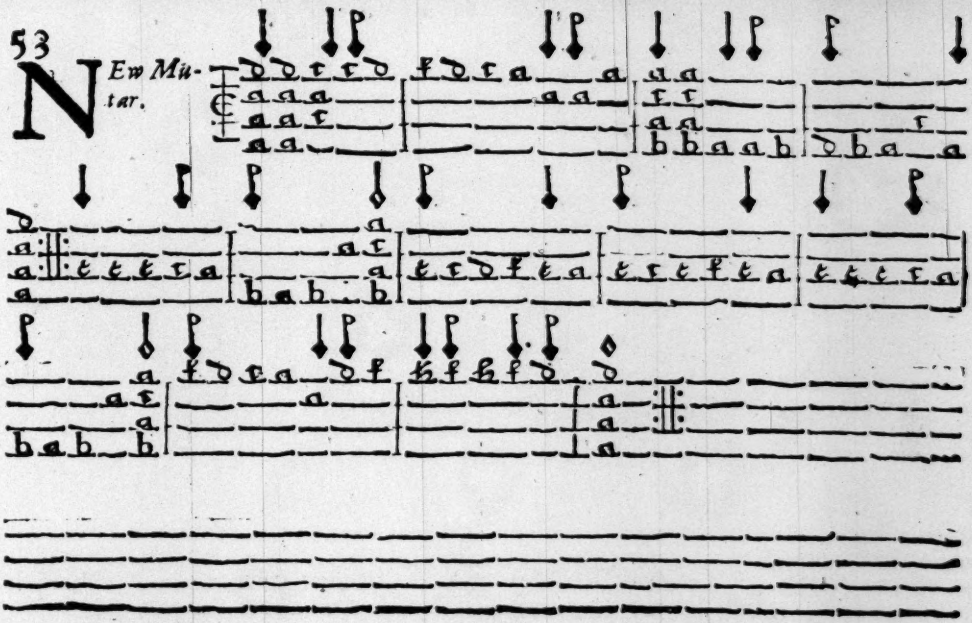
A *Matil-*
*lis.*



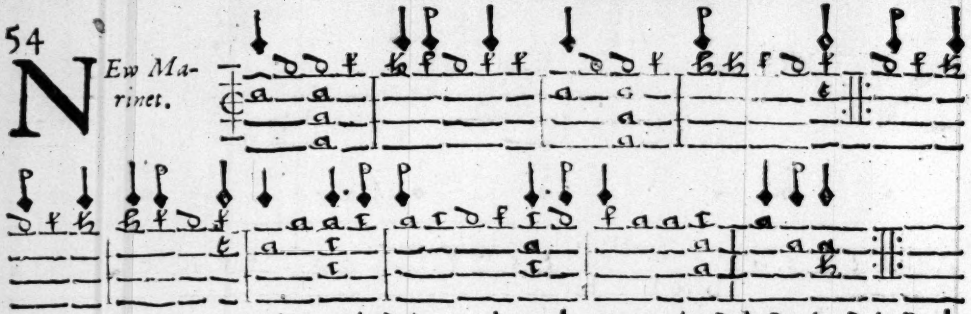

On the
cold
ground

53

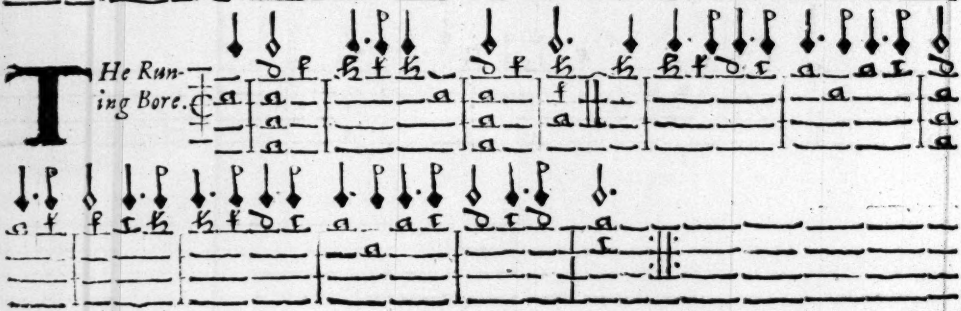
NEw Mutar.



## NEw Marinet.

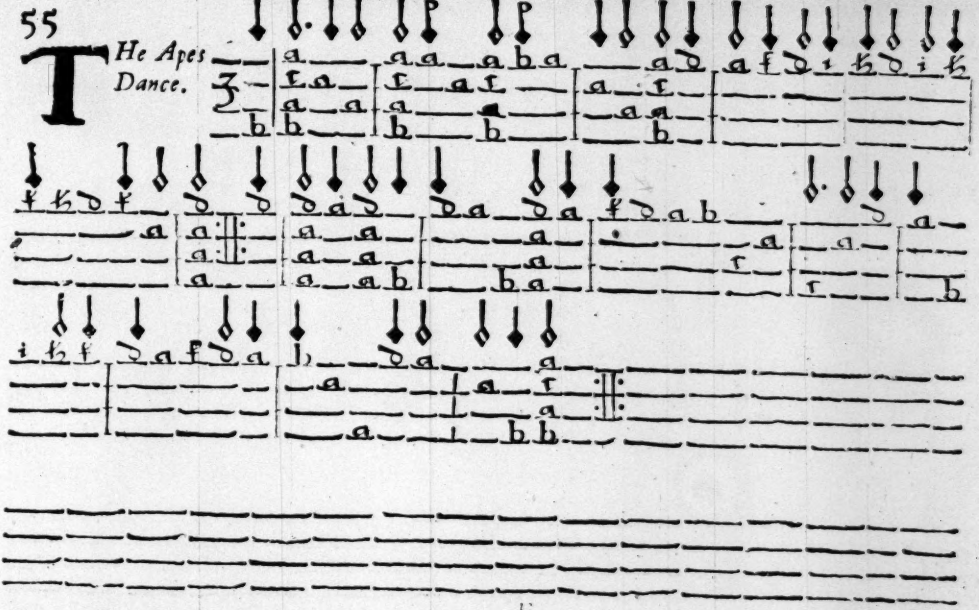


## THe Runing Bore.

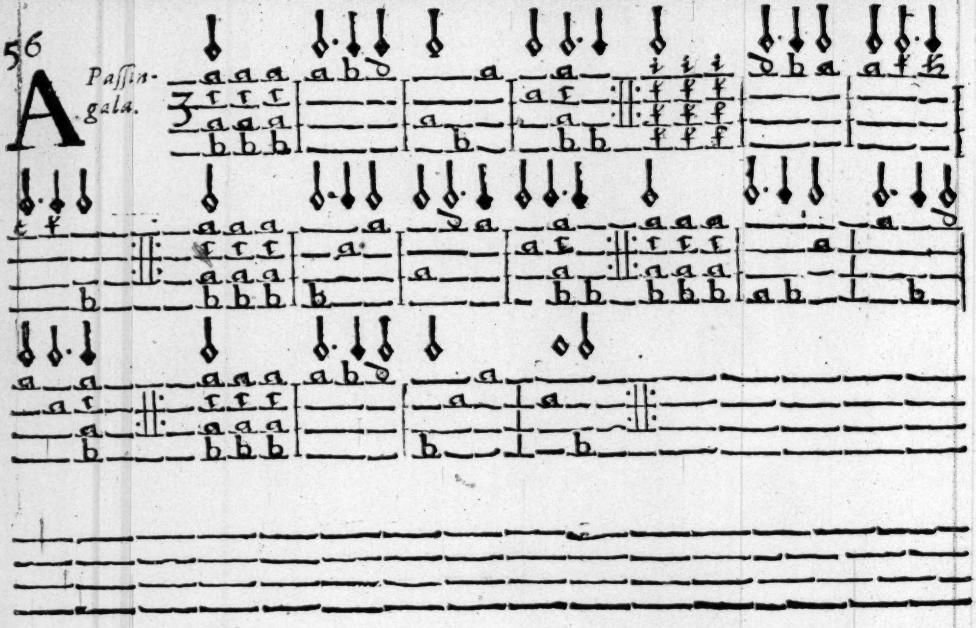


55

# The Apes Dance.

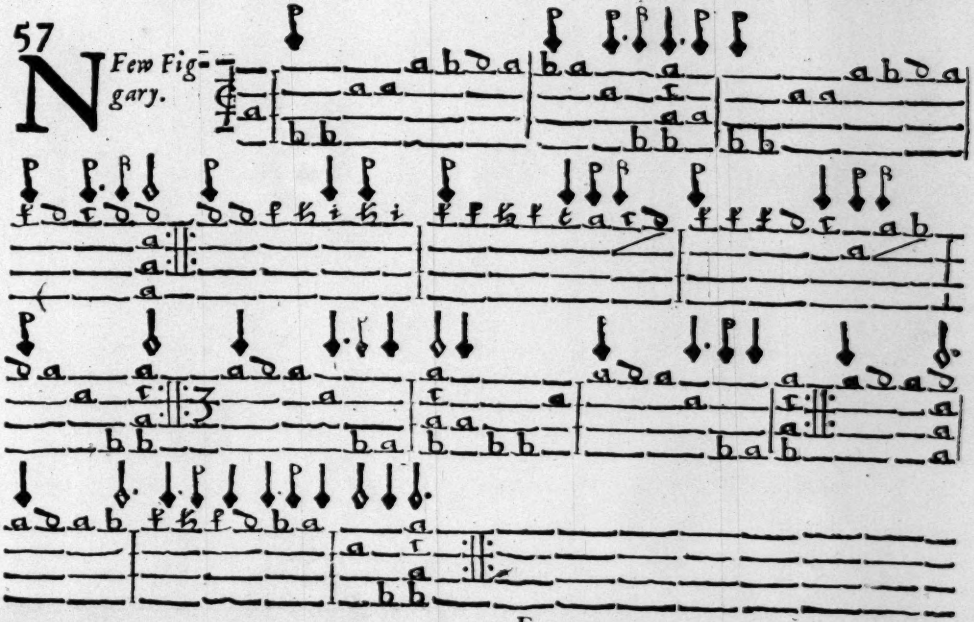


A Passingala.

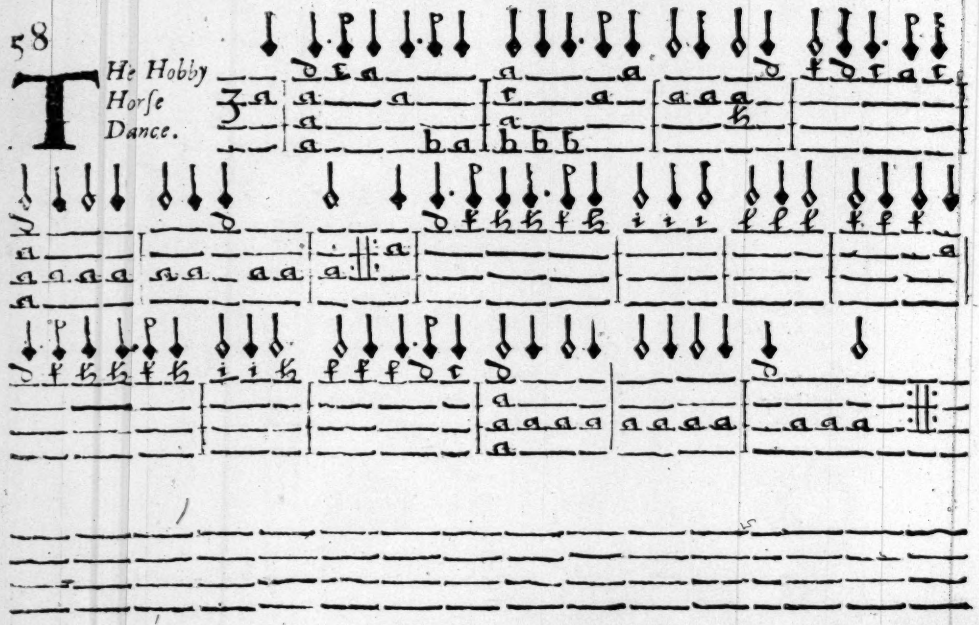


57

# New Figgary.

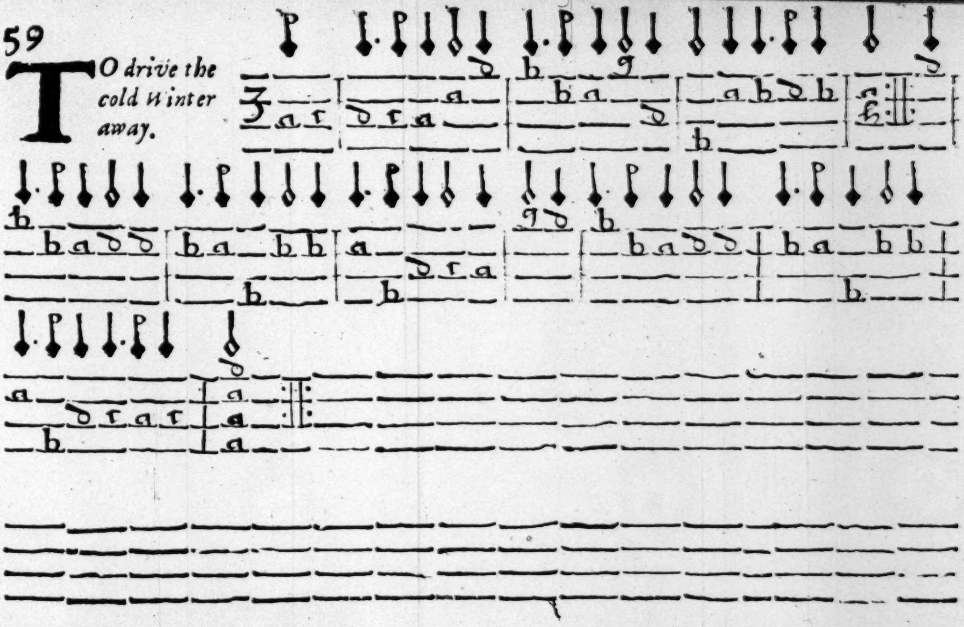


# The Hobby Horse Dance.

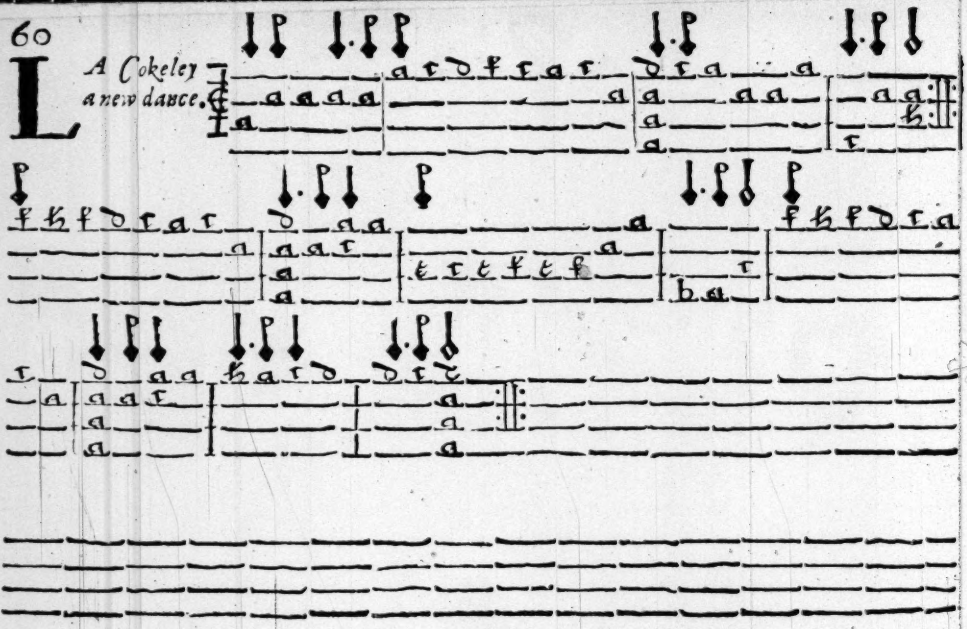


59

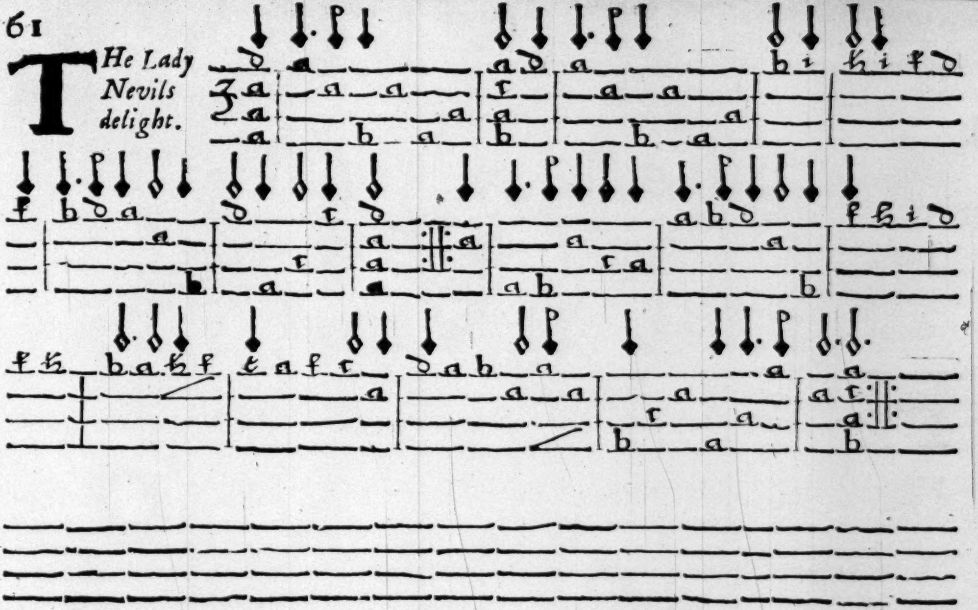
TO drive the cold Winter away.

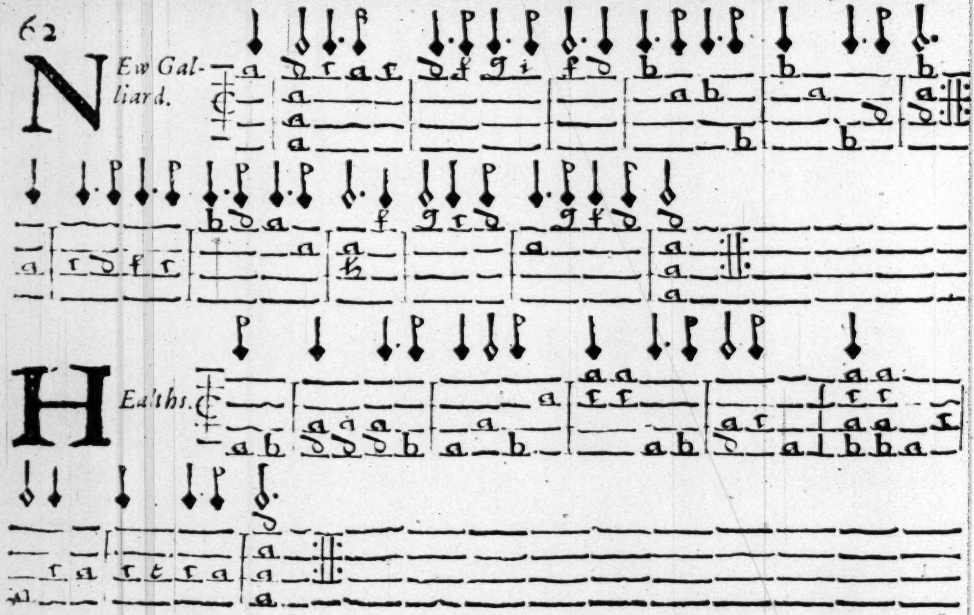


# A Cokeley a new dance.



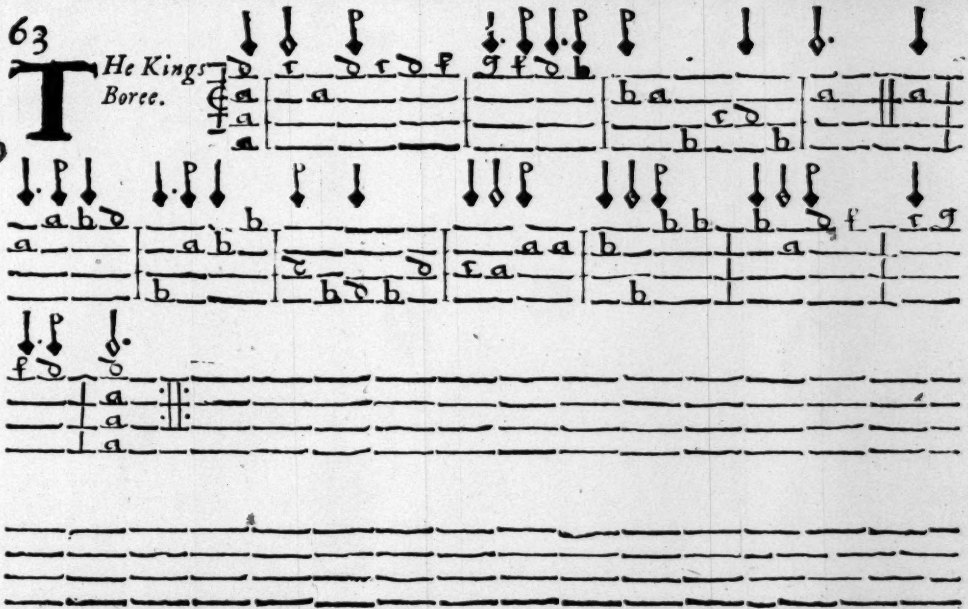
# The Lady Nevils delight.

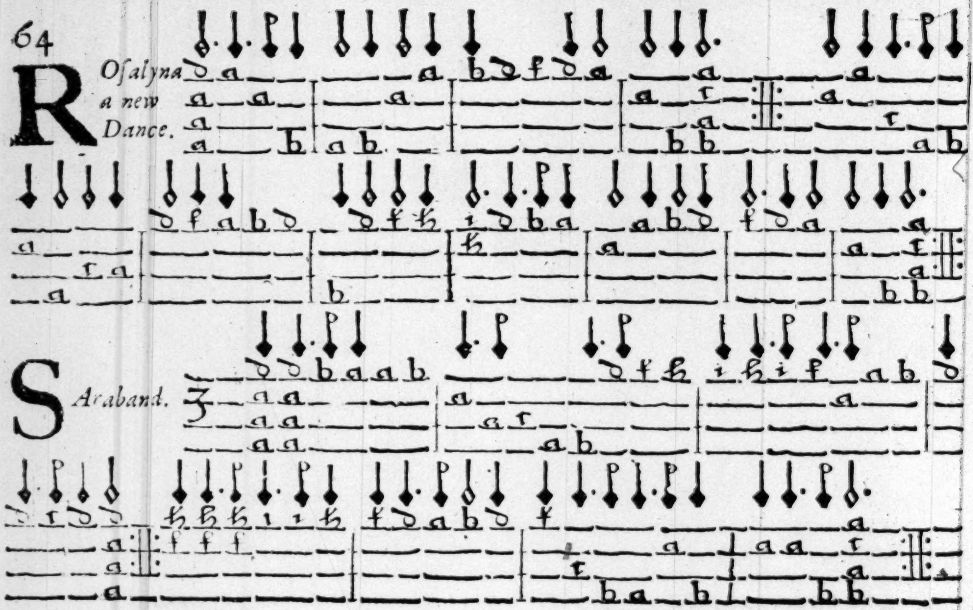



New Galliard.
Ealths.

63

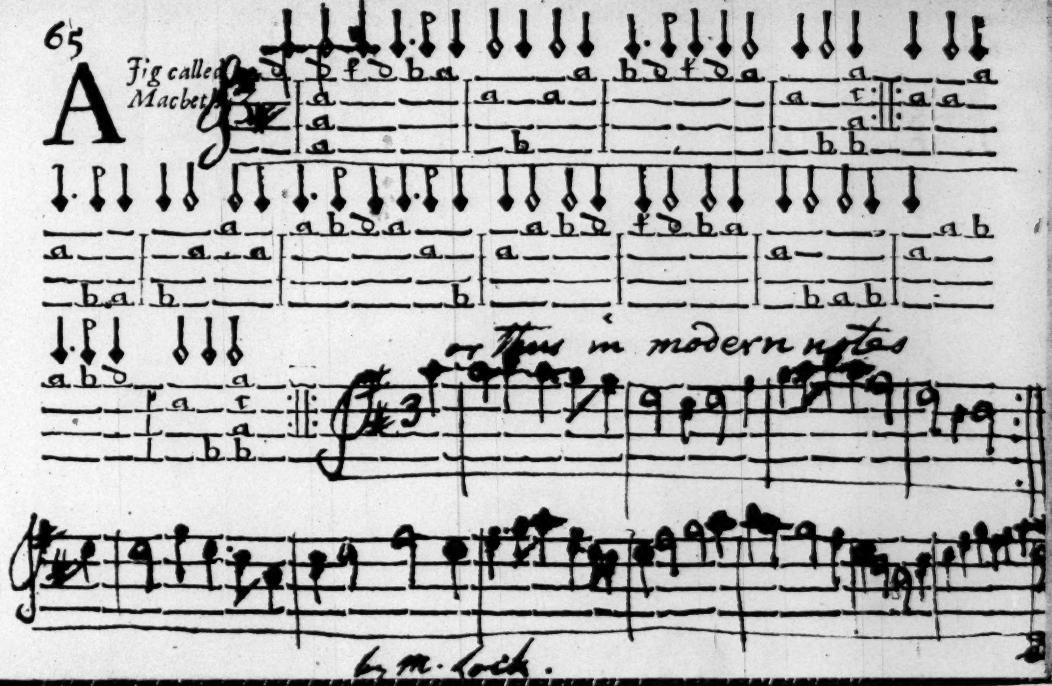
# The Kings Boree.



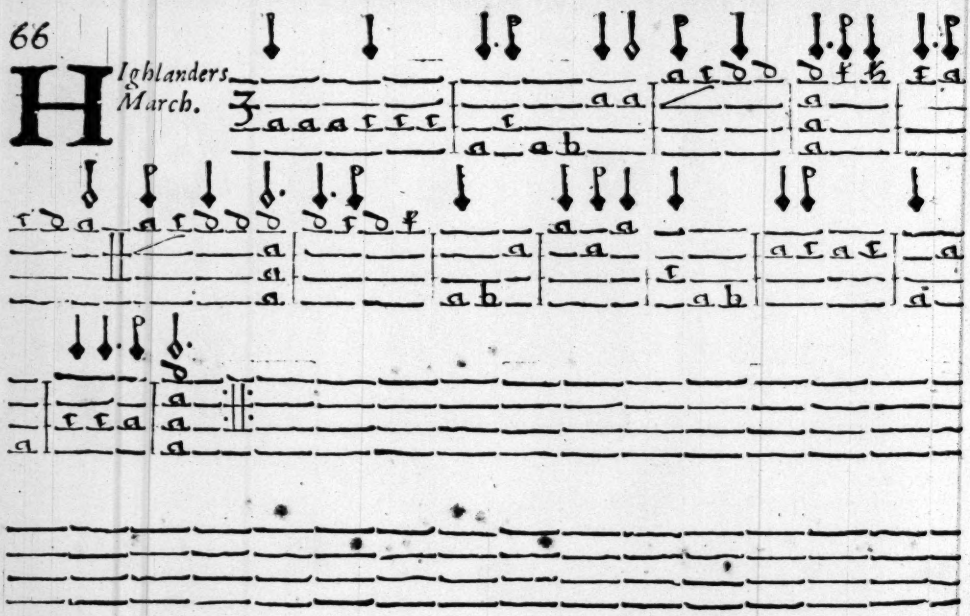

R
Of alyna
a new
Dance.
S
Araband.

65

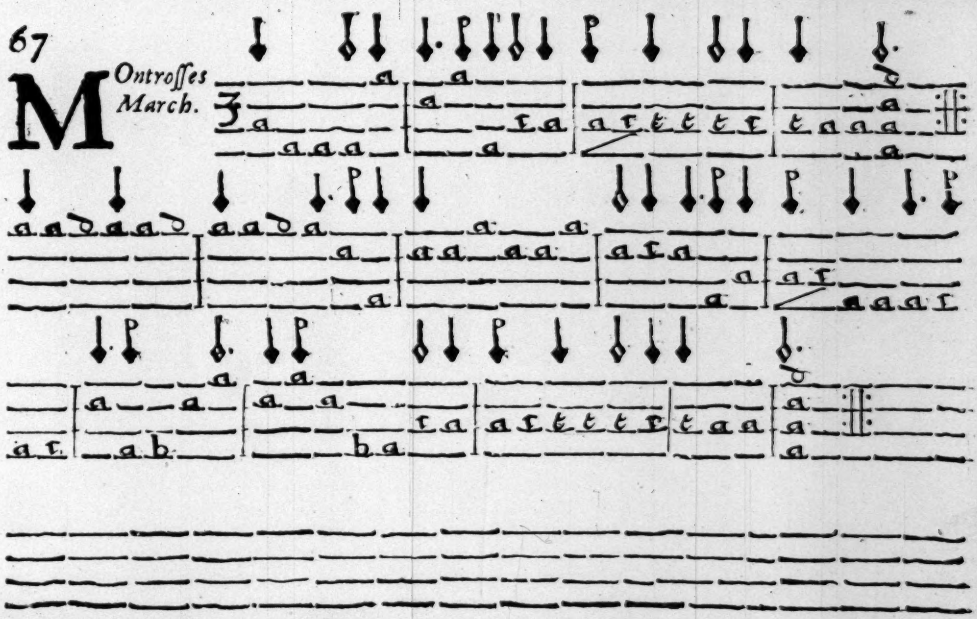
A Jig called Macbeth



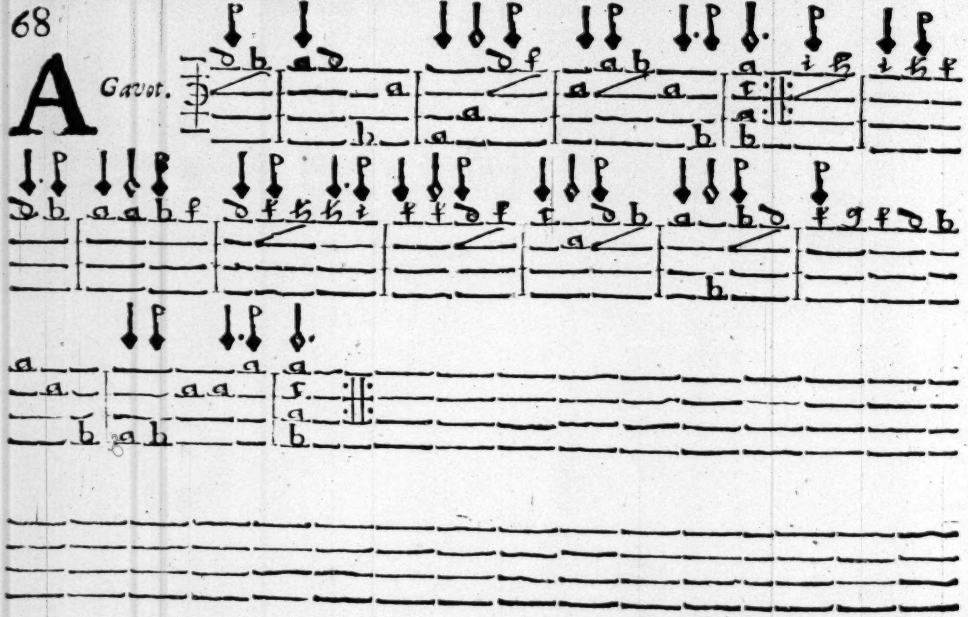
# Highlanders March.



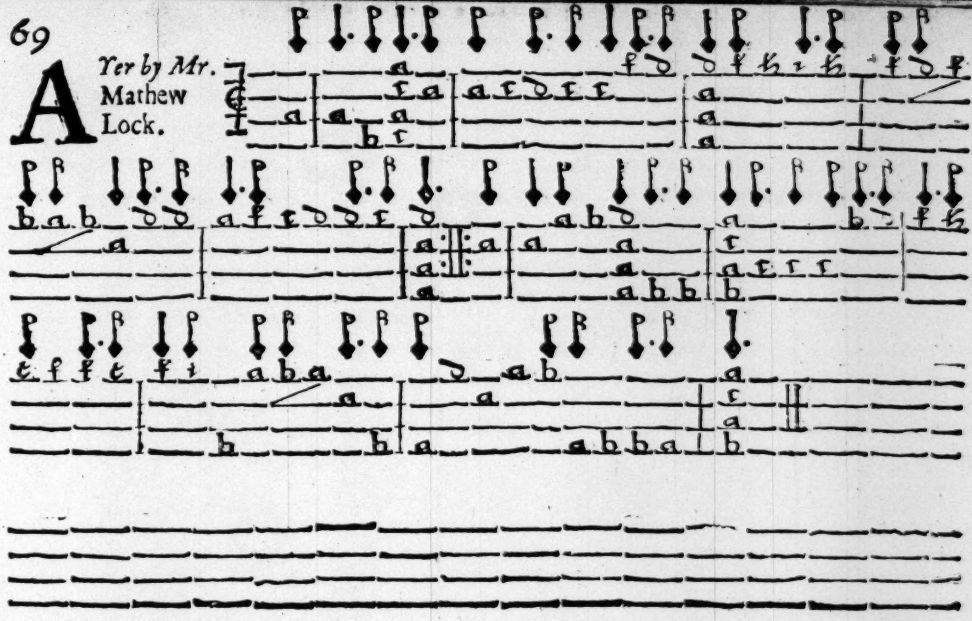
## Montrosses March.



A Gavot.

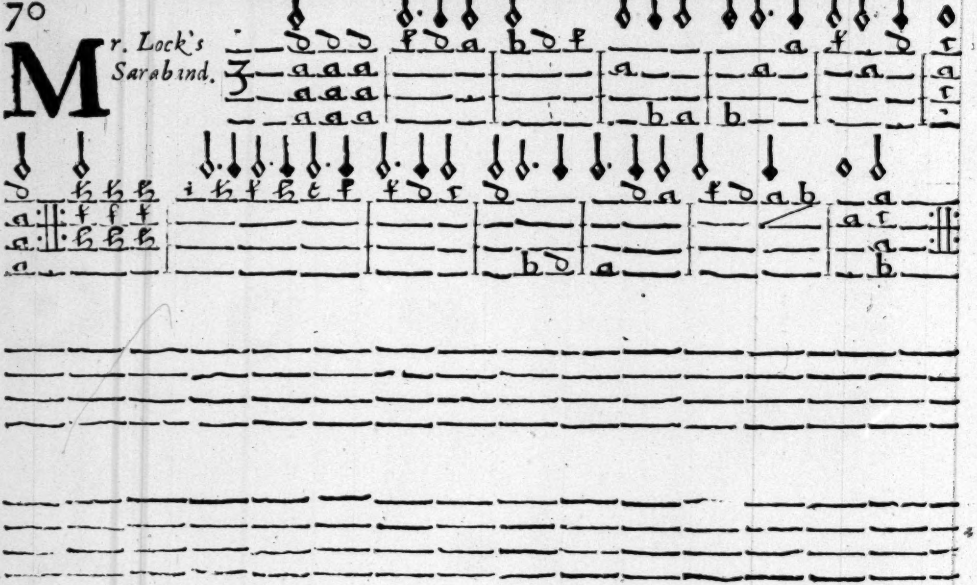


A Ver by Mr. Mathew Lock.

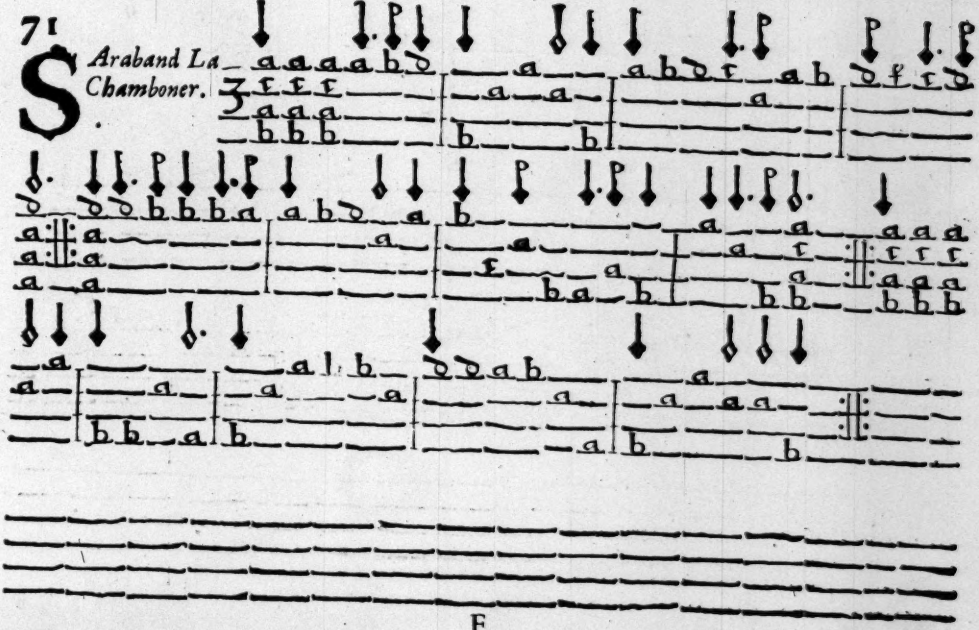


70

# Mr. Lock's Sarabind.

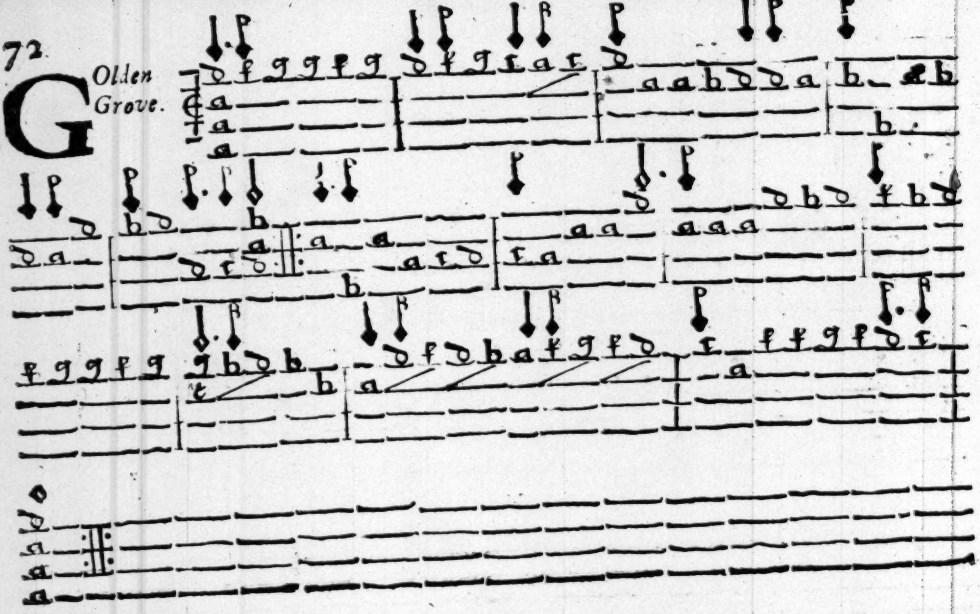


*Araband La Chamboner.*

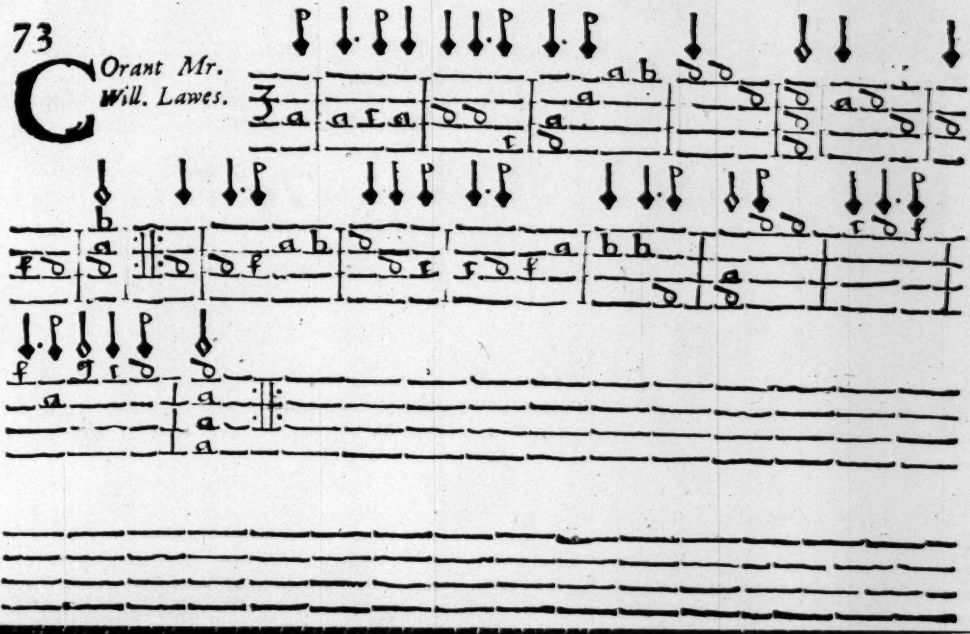


72.

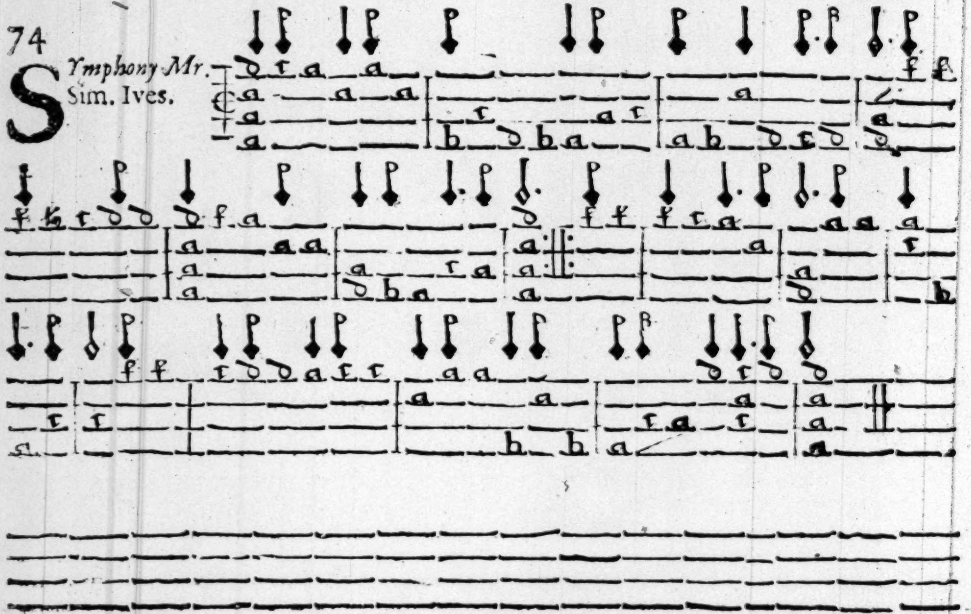
## Olden Grove.



## Corant Mr. Will. Lawes.

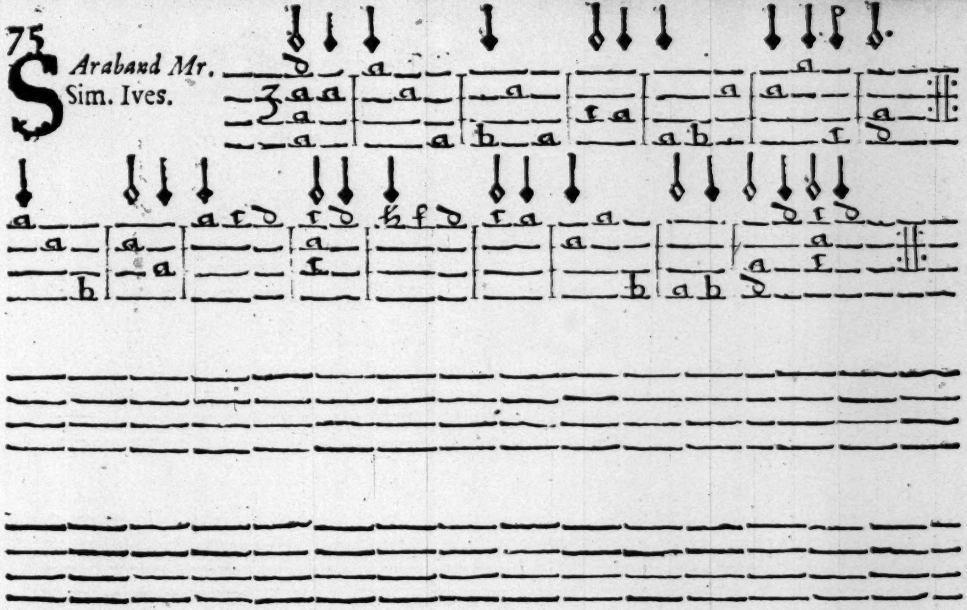


Symphony Mr. Sim. Ives.

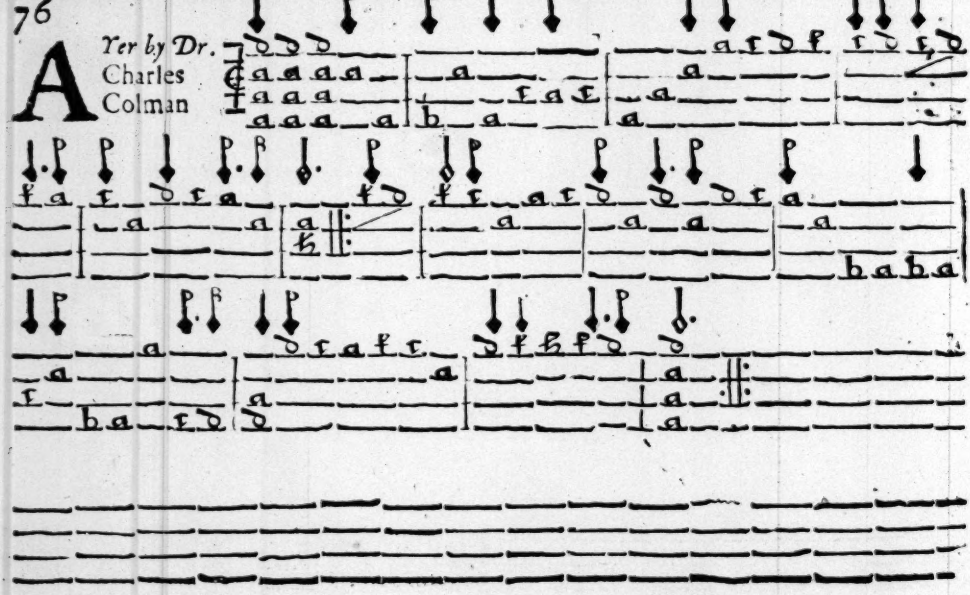


75

*Araband Mr.*
Sim. Ives.

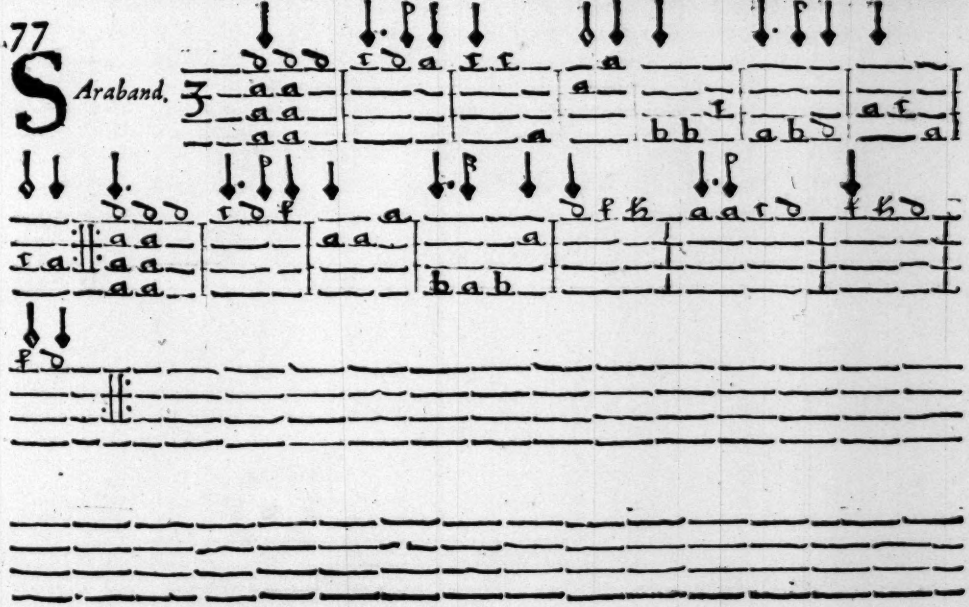


A Yer by Dr. Charles Colman

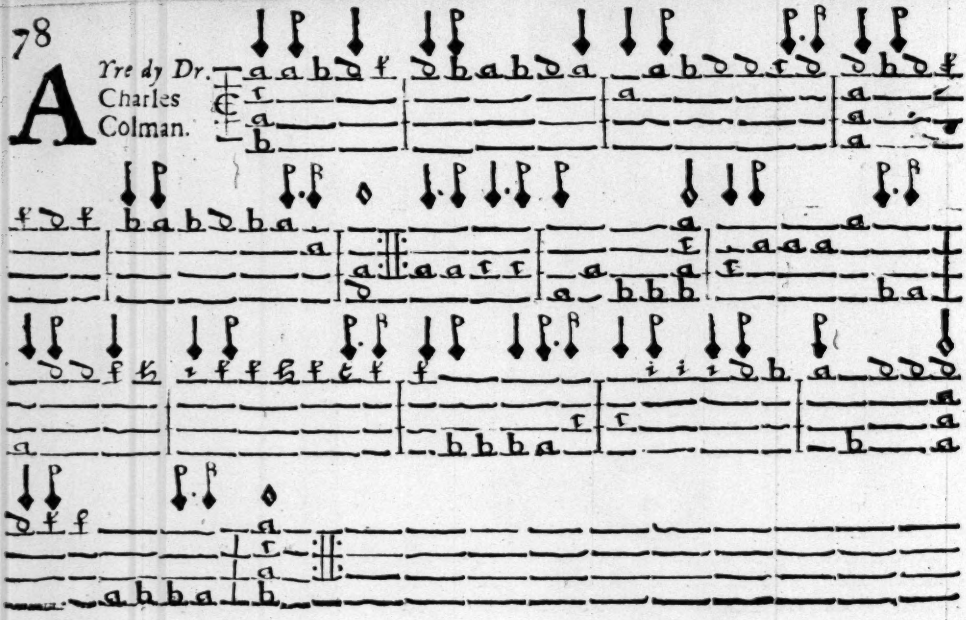


77

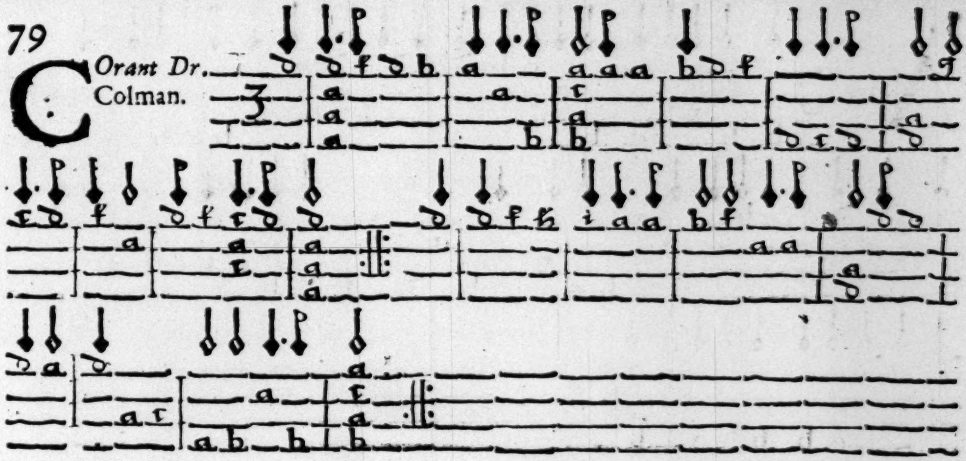
S *Araband.*



# A Tre dy Dr. Charles Colman.



C *Orant Dr.*
Colman.



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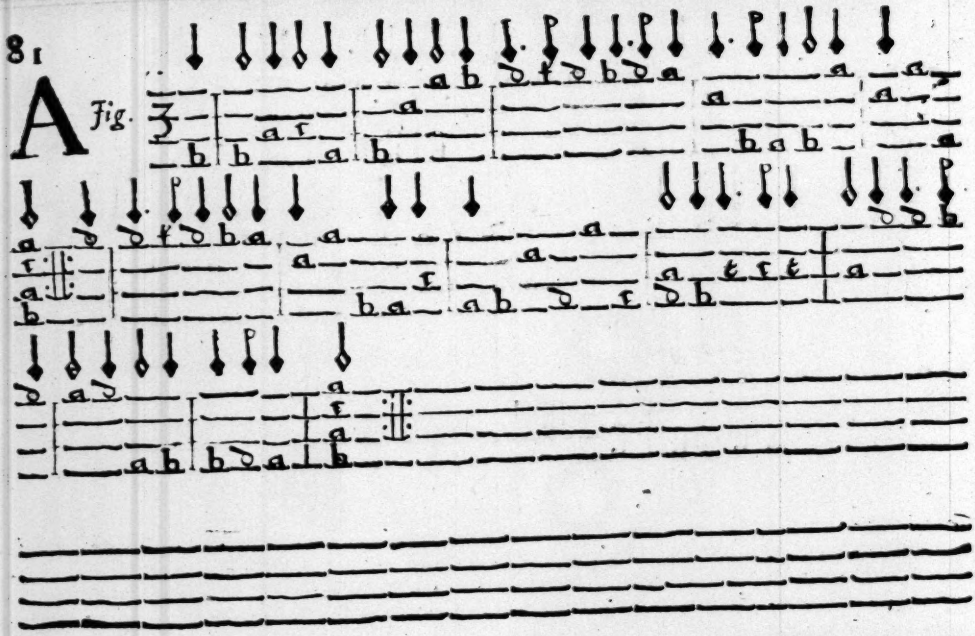
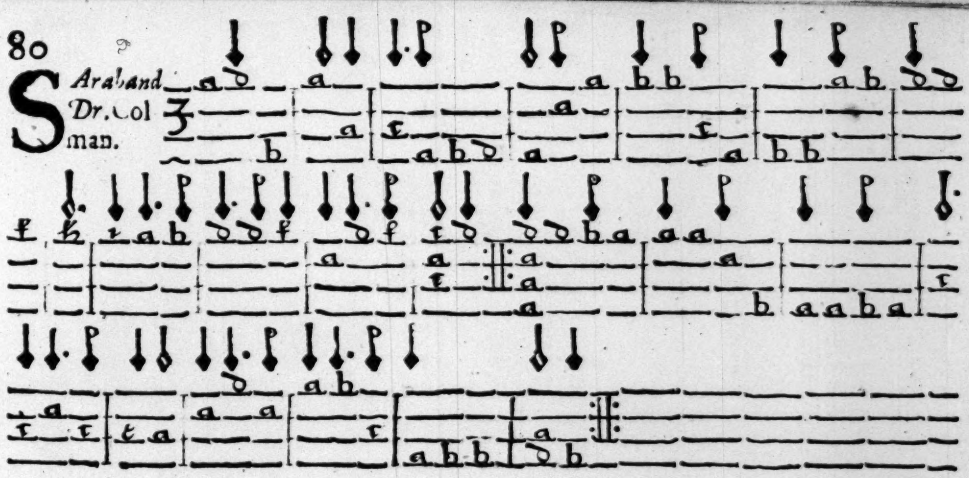
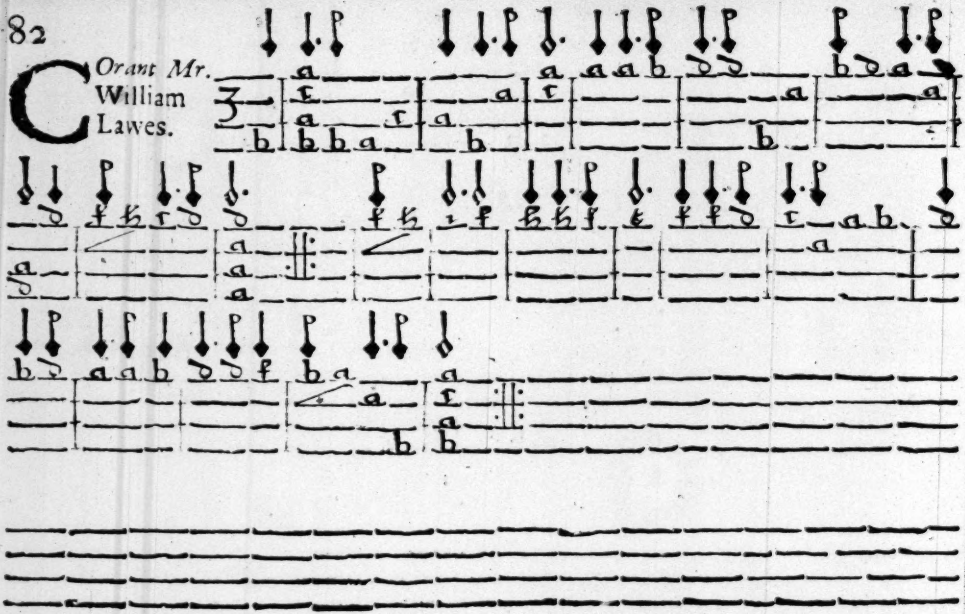


Sarabande Dr. Colman.



*Orant Mr.*
William
Lawes.



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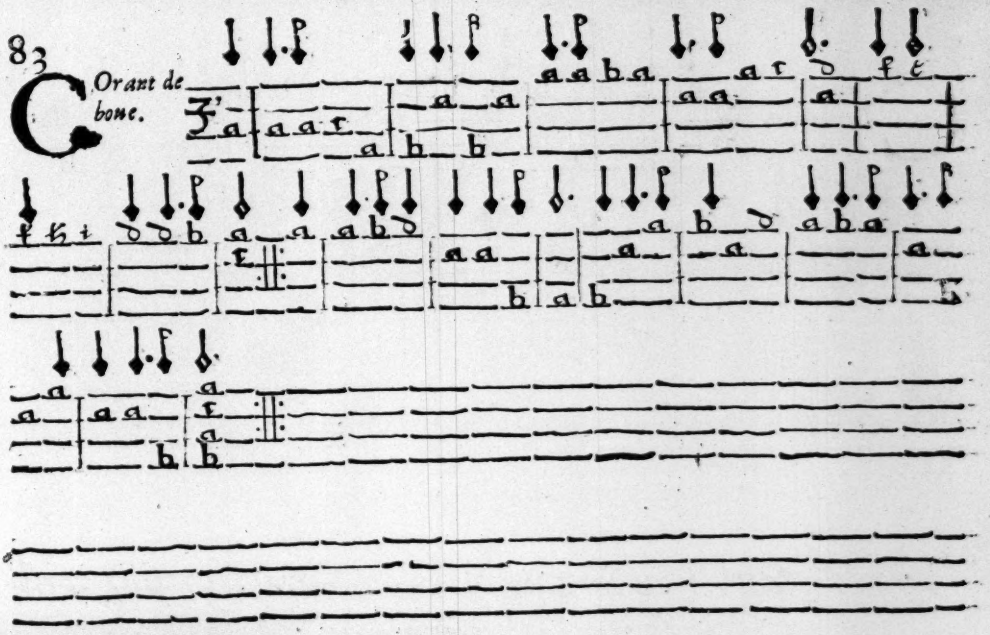
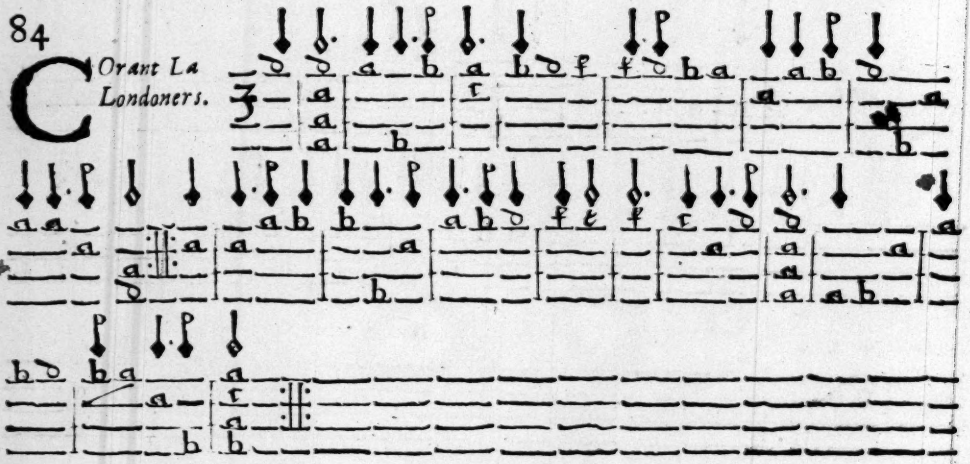
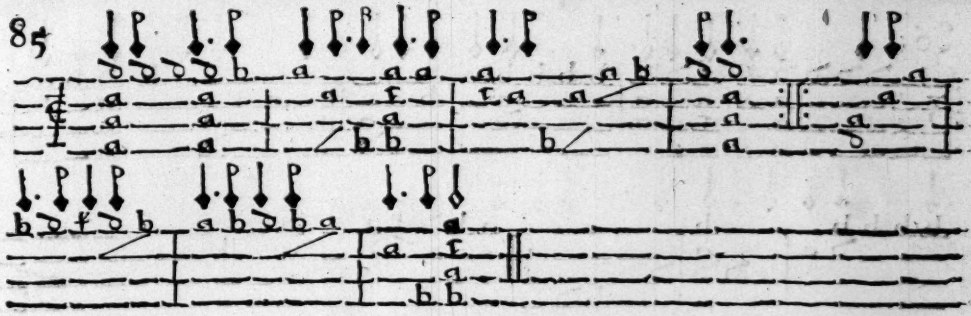
Orant de bone.






FINIS.

## *Here followeth Ten Short* Ayres *or* Songs *to sing with the* CITHREN.



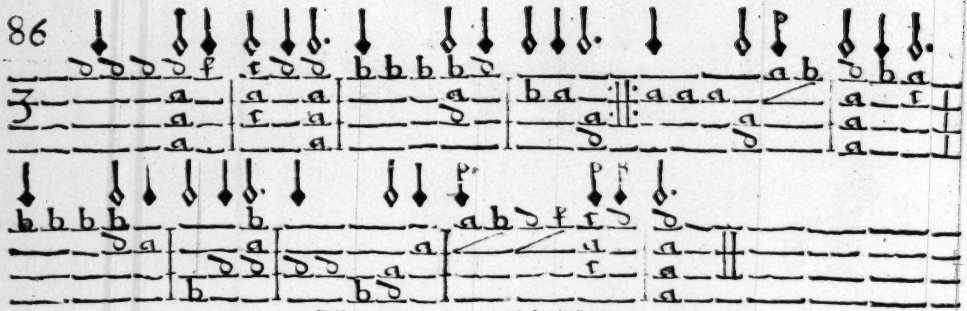
## The Words to this Tune.

1. Gather your Roſe buds while you may,
Old time is ſtill a flying
And that ſame flower that ſmiles to day
To morrow will be dying.

2. The Glorious Lamp of Heaven the Sun
The higher he is a getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to ſetting.

3. That Age is beſt that is the firſt
While youth and blood are warmer
Expect not then the laſt and worſt
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.

4. Then be not Coy but uſe your time,
And while you may go marry;
For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.



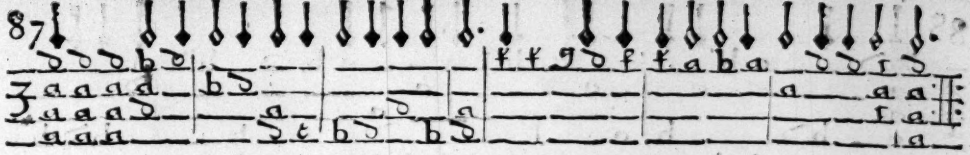
## The Words to this Tune.

1. *I am a young and harmleſs Maid,*
*And ſome are pleas'd to call me fair;*
*No man hath yet in Ambuſh laid*
*To catch me, but I broke the ſnare;*
*And though they ſtile me proud and coy,*
*Yet in my freedome is my joy.*

2. *Yet could I quickly be in love,*
*If men were not ſo falſly wiſe;*
*With ſighs and tears which daily prove,*
*To blind our tender hearts and eyes;*
*Yet with belief ſhall ne'r deſtroy*
*My freedome, which is all my joy.*

3. *We are accuſt to be ſo fair,*
*And men for their abuſing wit;*
*When we are wiſe then they deſpair,*
*And count our paſſion but a fit:*
*Then for a while I will be coy,*
*Since freedome is a womans joy.*

4. *Yet I do hope this ſafe delay*
*Shall make me live and never mourn;*
*And though my beauty paſs away,*
*Ile chooſe a Husband for my turn,*
*And he ſhall be a Lover true,*
*Then man, I am as wiſe as you.*



## The Words to this Tune.

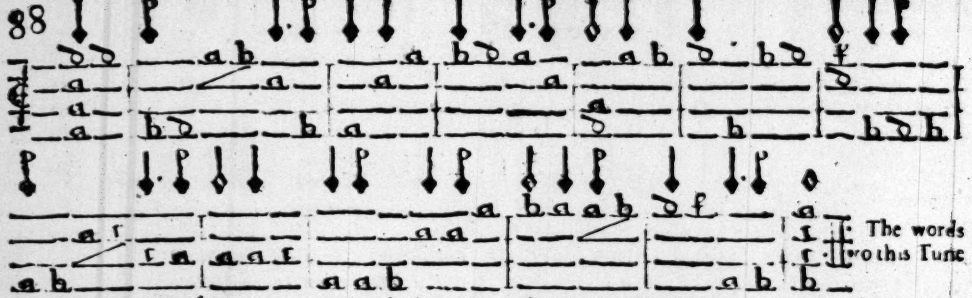
*I prethee send me back my heart*
*Since I cannot have thine ;*
*For if from yours you will not part,*
*Why then should you keep mine ?*

*Yet now I think on't let it lye,*
*To send it me were vain ;*
*For th' hast a Thief in either eye*
*Will steal it back again.*

*Why should two hearts in one breast lie,*
*And yet not lodge together ;*
*O Love, where is thy Sympathy ?*
*If thus our hearts thou sever.*

*But Love is such a mystery,*
*I cannot find it out ;*
*For when I think I'm best resolv'd,*
*I then am most in doubt.*

*Then farewell care, and farewell woe,*
*I will no longer pine :*
*But I'le believe I have her heart*
*As much as she hath mine.*



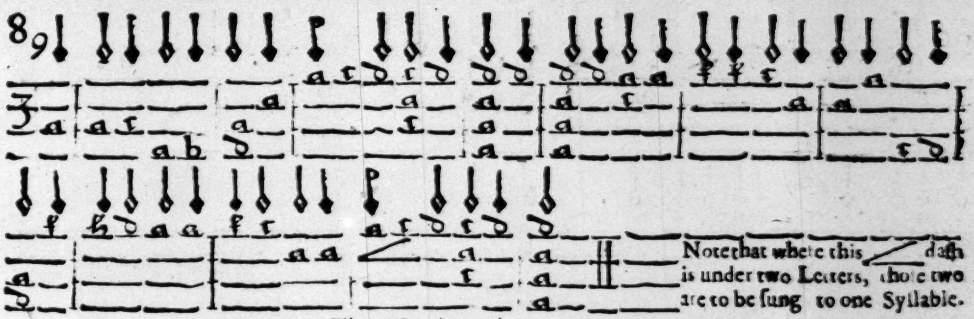

*In the merry Month of May,*
*On a Morn by break of day,*
*Forth I walk'd the wood so wide*
*When as May was in her pride;*
*There I spy'd all alone, all alone,*
Phillida and Coridon.

*Much adoth there was god wot,*
*He did love, but she could not;*
*He said his love was ever true;*
*She said none was falſe to you;*
*He said, he had lov'd her long;*
*She said, love should take no wrong.*

*Coridon would have kiſs'd her then;*
*She said, Maids muſt kiſs no men,*
*Till they be sure good and all;*
*Then ſhe bad the ſhepherd call*
*All the Gods to witneſs truth,*
*Ne'r was lov'd ſo fair a youth.*

*Then with many a pretty oath,*
*As yea, and nay, and Faith, and Troth;*
*Such as ſill. Shepherds uſe*
*When they would not love abuſe;*
*Love which had been long deluded,*
*Was with kiſſes ſweet Concluded.*

*Then* Phillida *with Garlands gay,*
*Was crowned Lady of the* May.

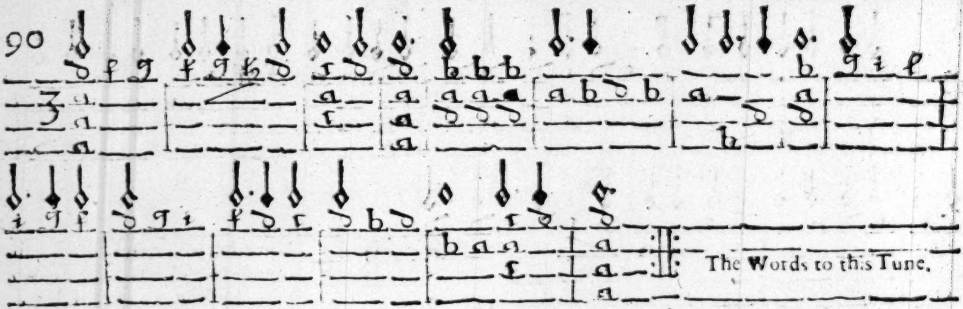



The Words to this Tune.

*How happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love,*
*There's no such blessings here beneath, what e're there is above;*
*'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, that every wise man loves.*

*Out, out upon those eyes, that think to murther me,*
*And he's an Ass beleives her fair, that is not kind and free;*
*There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet, to man but Libertie.*

*Ile tye my heart to none, nor yet Confine mine eyes:*
*But I will play my Game so well, Ile never want a prize;*
*'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, has made me now thus wise.*

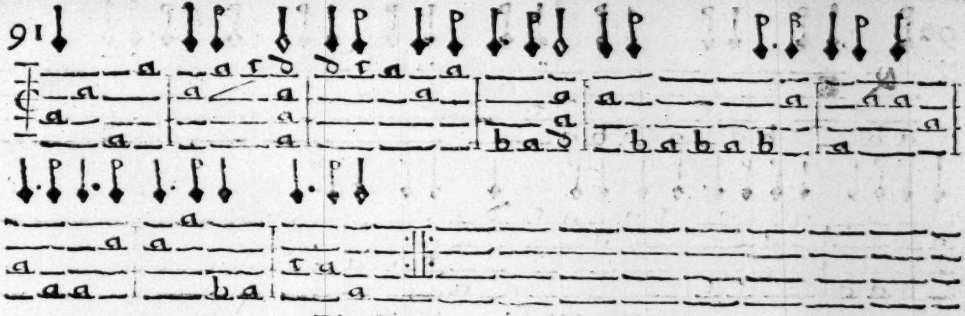



O my Clarita! thou cruel fair,
Bright as the morning, and ſoft as the air;
Fresher then flowers in May,
Yet far more ſweet then they;
Love is the Subject of my prayer.

Let not ſuch fortune my love betide,
O let your rocky breaſt be mollified!
Send me not to my Grave,
Unpitied like a Slave;
How can Love ſuch uſage abide?

When I firſt ſaw thee, I left a flame,
Which from thine eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's dart,
It peirc'd quite through my heart;
O could thy Breaſt once feel the ſame.

Sympathize with me a while in grief,
This paſſion quickly will find relief;
Cupid will from his Bowers,
it warm theſe chill hearts of ours;
And make his power Rule their in chief.



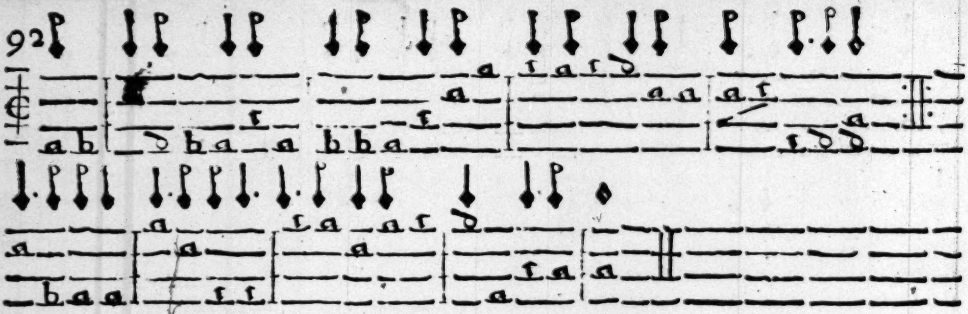
## The Words to this Tune.

*Come, oh come! I brook no stay,*
*She doth not love that can delay;*
*See how the stealing night,*
*Hath blotted out the light,*
*And Tapers do supply the day.*

*To be chast is to be old,*
*And that foolish Girl that's cold,*
*Is fourscore at fifteen;*
*Desires, do wright her green;*
*And looser flames our youth unfold.*

*See, the first Taper's almost gone,*
*Thy flame, like that, will straight be none;*
*And I as it expire,*
*Not able to hold fire;*
*She looseth time that lyes alone.*

*Let us then cherish these our powers,*
*Whiles we yet may call them ours;*
*Then we best spend our time,*
*When no dull zealous Chime:*
*But sprightful kisses strike the hours.*

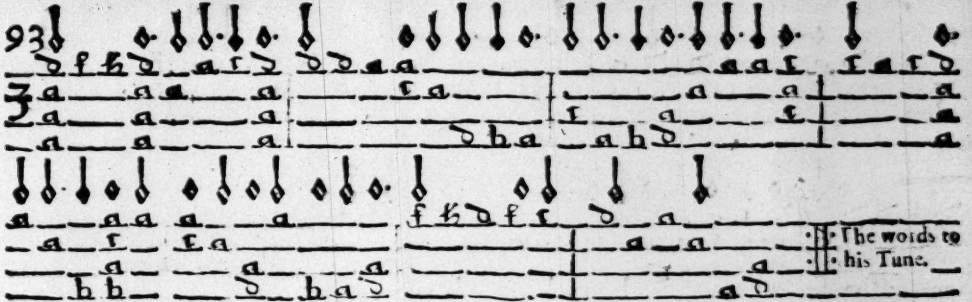


## The Words to this Tune.

*Silly heart forbear those are murdring Eyes,*
*In the which (I swear) Cupid lurking lyes;*
*See his Quiver, see his Bow too, see his Dart;*
*Fly, oh fly! thou foolish heart.*

*Greedy eyes take heed, they are scorching beams,*
*Causing hearts to bleed; and your eyes spring streams,*
*Love lyes watching, with his Bow bent, and his dart;*
*For to wound both eyes and heart.*

*Think and Gaze your fill, foolish heart and eyes,*
*Since you love your ill, and your good despise;*
Cupid *shooting*, Cupid *darting*, *and his hand;*
*Mortal powers cannot withstand.*

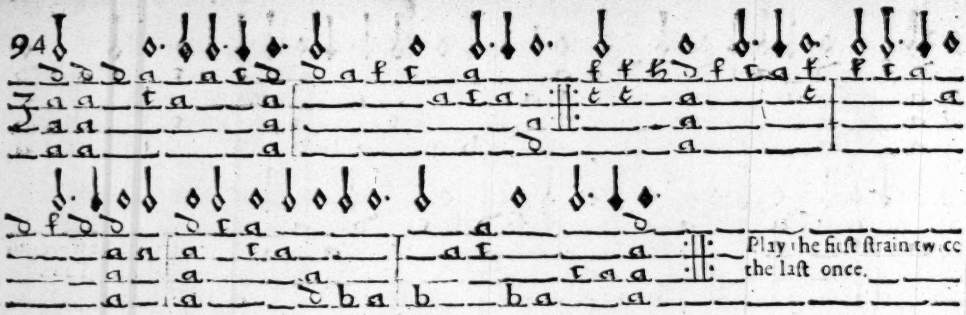



Cloris now thou art fled away;
Amintor's sheep are gon astray;
And all the fox he took to see,
His pretty Lambs run after thee;
Is gone, is gone, and he alone
Sings nothing now, but welladay.

His pipe that in thy praise
Was wont to play such Roundelays;
Is thrown away, and not a Swain
Dares pipe, or sing within this plain;
'Tis Death for any now to say
One word to him but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little feet,
So roundly in measures meet;
Is broken down, and no content
Comes neer Amintor since you went;
All that I ever heard him say
Was Cloris, Cloris, welladay, &c.

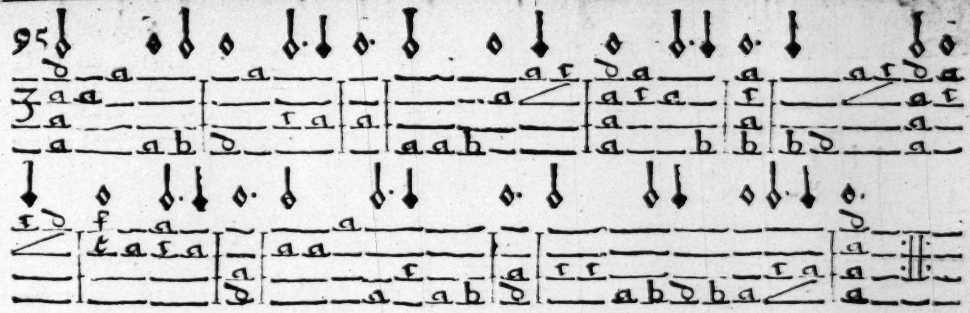
Upon those banks you us'd to tread,
He ever sure hath laid his head,
And whisper'd there such piteous woe,
As not a blade of grass will grow.
O Cloris! Cloris, come away,
And hear Amintor's welladay, welladay.




## The Words to this Tune.

*I am confirm'd a woman can,*
*Love this, or that, or any man;*
*This day her love is melting hot,*
*To morrow swears she knowes you not:*
*Let her but an new object find,*
*And she is of another mind.*
*Then hang me Ladies at your dore*
*If ere I dote upon you more.*

*Yet still I'e love the fair one, why?*
*For nothing but to please mine eye;*
*And so the Fat, and soft-skin'd dame,*
*Ile flutter to appease my flame:*
*For her that's Musical I long,*
*When I am fat to sing a song.*
*But hang me Ladie at your dore*
*If ere I dote upon you more.*

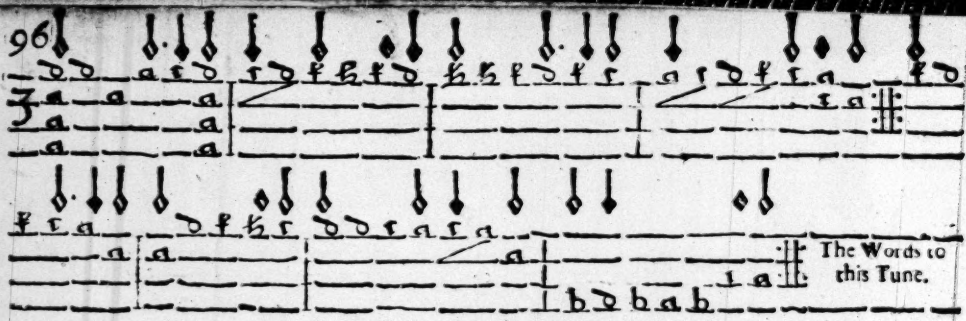


## The Words to this Tune.

*Fie, be no longer coy,*
*But let's enjoy*
*What's by the World confeſt*
*Women love beſt.*
*Thy Beauty freſh as May*
*Will ſoon decay:*
*Beſides within a year or two*
*I ſhall be old, and cannot do.*

*Do'ſt think that Nature can*
*For every man*
*(Had ſhe more skill) provide*
*So fair a Bride.*
*Who ever made a Feaſt*
*For ſingle gueſt?*
*No, without ſhe did intend*
*To ſerve the husband & his friend.*

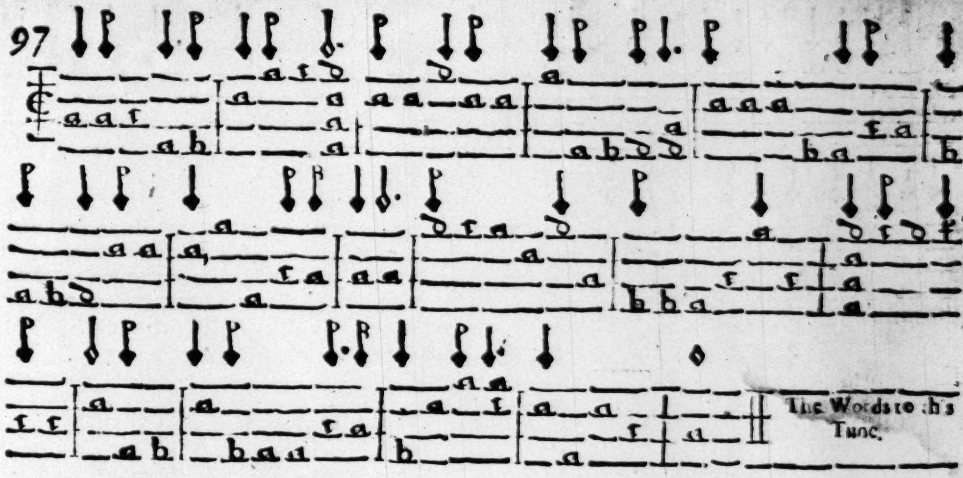
*To be a little nice,*
*Sets better price*
*On Virgins, and improves*
*Their Servants loves.*
*But on the Ripe years*
*It ill appears,*
*After a while you'l find this true,*
*I need provoking more then you.*


The Words to this Tune.

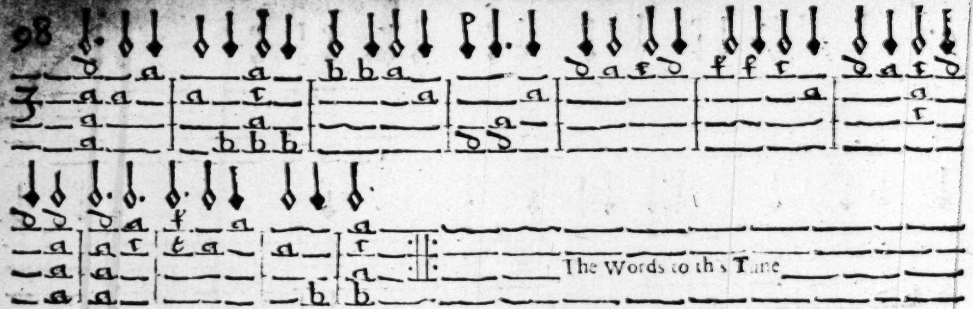
*I can love for an hour when I am leisure,*
*He that lovs half a day fools without measure;*
*Cupid then tell me what Art had thy Mother*
*To make men love one face more then another.*

*Some to be thought more wise daily endevour*
*To make the world believe they can love ever;*
*Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,*
*For when they have their ends then they will leave you.*

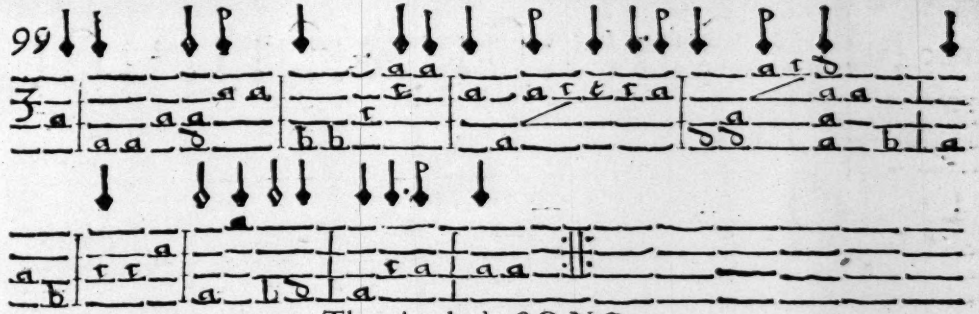
*Men cannot tire themselves with your sweet features,*
*They'll have variety of loving Creatures;*
*Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,*
*Though they can never do't yet they'll be fooling.*




*He that will Court a Wench that is Coy, that is proud, that is Fe vish and Antick,*
*Let him e careless to sport and to toy, and as wild as she can be frantick;*
*Flatter her and slight her, laugh at her and spight her, rail and commend her agen,*
*'Tis the way to woe her, if you mean to do her, such Girles love such men.*



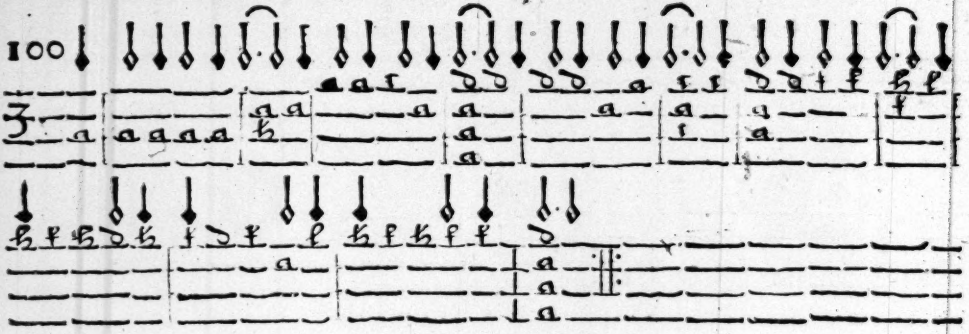

*Fond love, what do'st thou mean to court an idle folly?*
*Platonick love is nothing else but meerly Melancholy.*
*'Tis Act ve love that makes us jolly.*
*What though I'm fond (they say) and apt to be in love,*
*I find it will no longer stay, then shee will constant prove;*
*Such Qualmes oft squeemish Stomachs move.*
*To dote upon a face, or Cunt a sparkling eye,*
*Or to believe a Dimpl'd Cheek complete felicitie,*
*Is to betray a Libertie.*
*They care not for your sighs, nor your erected eyes,*
*They hate to hear a fool lament, and crye he dyes he dyes;*
*O no! Love is a better prize.*



## The Angler's SONG.

*Man's life is but vain, for 'tis Subject to pain*
*And ſorrow, and ſhort as a bubble;*
*'Tis a hodge of Buſineſs, and mony, and care,*
*And care, and mony, and trouble.*

*But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair,*
*Nor will we now vex though it rain;*
*We'll baniſh all ſorrow, and ſing till to morrow,*
*And Angle, and Angle again.*

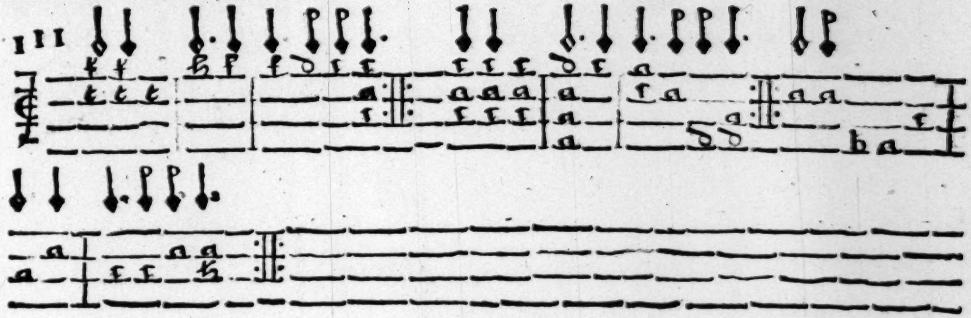


## The Words to this Tune.

### *A CATCH.*

*The Wiſemen were but ſeven, neer more ſhall be for me;*
*The Muſes were but nine, the Worthies three times three;*
*And three merry Boyes, and three merry Boyes are we.*

*The Virtues were but ſeven, and three the greater be;*
*The Cæſars they were twelve, and the fatal Siſters three;*
*And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are we.*



## A CATCH.

*A Boate, a Boate have to the Ferry,*
*For we'll go over to be merry,*
*To laugh and sing and drink old Sherry.*

## FINIS.

## *Muſick Books ſold by* John Playford *at his Shop in the* Temple.

A *Brief and Plain Introduction to the Skill of Muſick.* By which Book many have learn'd to *Sing*, and Play on the *Baſs-Viol*, and alſo on the *Treble-Violin*, without the Aſſiſtance of any Teachers.

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*Alſo all ſorts of Rul'd Paper, and Ruled Books for Muſick ready bound of ſeveral Sizes: and very good Black Ink for Pricking of Muſical Leſſons.*

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